

# The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



Mount Everest (left) and the line of approach (across the icefall) which will be taken by this year's expedition (see page 255)

**In this number:**

**The Floods in the Netherlands (Lionel Fleming)**

**The Megalomania of Adolf Hitler (Sir Lewis Namier)**

**'High Paddington': an Adventure in Architecture (Sir William Holford)**



## CUCKOO IN THE NEST



A FIRM of manufacturing chemists were producing chloroform by a process in which chloride of lime was a principal raw material. This chemical, however, caused excessive frothing in the distillation process. As a result the chloroform stills could not be filled to capacity and the rate of distillation was slowed down considerably. On I.C.I.'s suggestion the firm adopted an alternative process using chlorine and hydrated lime instead of chloride of lime. The changeover was entirely successful. Manufacture was simplified, frothing was practically eliminated and the firm were able to double their output of chloroform — a chemical which today plays an important part in the manufacture of penicillin in addition to its use in anæsthesia and as an industrial solvent.



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# The Listener

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## President Eisenhower's Foreign Policy

By CLIFTON UTLEY

**I**N his State of the Union Message, President Dwight Eisenhower made several pronouncements on American foreign policy that have drawn the most widely-contrasting responses in different parts of the world.

Public attention here has focused first and foremost on three statements. First, the President's declaration that 'we have learned that the free world cannot indefinitely remain in a posture of paralysed tension. To do so leaves forever to the aggressor the choice of time and place and means to cause greatest hurt to us, at least cost to himself. This Administration has, therefore, begun the definition of a new, positive foreign policy'. Second, following this enunciation of the general principle, the President proclaimed: 'We shall never acquiesce in the enslavement of any people, in order to purchase fancied gain for ourselves'. And added: 'I shall ask the Congress, at a later date, to join in an appropriate resolution, making clear that this Government recognises no kind of commitments contained in secret understandings of the past with foreign governments which permit this kind of enslavement'. Finally, there was the announcement of the decision to deneutralise Formosa—to permit Chiang Kai-shek's Formosa Nationalists to carry out such operations as they are able, against the Chinese Communist-held mainland.

It will be no secret to you that these new American policies have been greeted with something less than complete enthusiasm in Britain and in various other parts of the world. By contrast, the support for the new policy in the United States is at the present

time very great, and I think I can even say overwhelming. It is not unanimous support; there have been those, including Senator Sparkman, the defeated Democratic vice-presidential nominee, who have warned that the new policy conceivably could lead to a succession of events that would involve the United States in much heavier commitments in the Far East and make us less able to carry out commitments in Europe.

These warnings have been listened to gravely, as the President's new policy has been debated in the week that has passed since the Message. Also the—what to many Americans seem some of the rather extreme—British attacks on the new American policy have been cabled back here and quite extensively reported. But neither the domestic nor the foreign criticism appears in any way to have shaken the widespread American support for the President's new policy. It is always dangerous for a commentator to assume he has captured the essence of public reaction, particularly in a land as big as ours, where the response can be appreciably different in different sections of the country. But, in this case, I suspect the reaction I have been seeing in our Middle West is fairly typical. I would sum it up like this. The new policy does involve certain additional risks, and no one likes the thought of such risks, yet they must be taken, because—as President Eisenhower says—'policy cannot succeed nor real peace be achieved, if the initiative is left always to the enemy. The enemy must also be made to guess'.

You may wonder how it could be that between nations such as



ours, whose basic objectives are the same, this new policy enunciated by President Eisenhower can have produced such sharply opposing reactions. I suspect the answer can be found in the differing degrees of faith in President Eisenhower on the two sides of the Atlantic. In Britain and Europe, the risks are seen and perhaps somewhat magnified when viewed against the present background of European and British anti-American feeling. In the United States the risks are seen too, but here there is a faith that apparently does not exist across the water, that President Eisenhower will be able to manipulate the risks successfully and keep them within manageable proportions. This faith may or may not be justified, but it exists.

### Chiang's 'Training Exercises'

Do people in the United States expect that Chiang Kai-shek, freed from the past neutralisation policy, will be able to launch any major attack on the Chinese mainland in the foreseeable future? I do not think so. The most anyone expects is that Chiang may be able to carry out some small hit-and-run raids, based not on Formosa but on the series of much smaller islands the Nationalists still control off the coast of China. Chiang's forces have been conducting such raids for the past year or so, and, as long as the neutralisation policy was still formally in effect, but actually winked at, the raids were euphemistically called 'training exercises' and did not amount to much.

I doubt if many Americans expect Chiang to do much in the way of serious operations against the Chinese mainland, even when his forces have been given the benefit of the equipment-refurbishing they will undoubtedly now get from the United States. But there is a widespread feeling that the uncertainty that will be created will provide one more problem for the Chinese Communists. It might eventually force the Reds to immobilise more forces on Chinese mainland points across from Formosa. And while there is a realisation here that shortage of numbers has never been one of Communist China's weaknesses, there is a feeling that anything that immobilises a substantial number of enemy troops in such a way they could not be used in Korea is a good thing, and might one day influence Peking, if not Moscow, to decide that Korean peace was desirable.

As Mr. Eden pointed out in the House of Commons, the whole Korean issue looms much larger here than elsewhere, partly because of the disproportionately high percentage of American casualties. Mr. Eden's House of Commons observation, that the American action or new American policy might have adverse political consequences that would not be offset by military gains, was generally interpreted here as a warning that our new actions might alienate India, and might also encourage a Chinese Communist attack on Hong Kong. But, while the remarks of Mr. Eden and others have been noted and thoroughly reported, their impact has been rather small, and I doubt whether they have had much influence on either the American Government or the public. Indeed, one of the most interesting developments of the past week has been the calmness of American response to British criticism of sufficient severity so that one might have expected a rather warm American rejoinder.

There have been some such American counter-responses, but not many. *The Chicago Tribune* has performed, according to Hoyle, and loosed a strong anti-British editorial blast. There have been a few others, but I repeat, not many. On the whole both congressmen and newspaper editorial opinion have been very reserved in comments on British, Indian, and other non-American reaction to the President's new policy.

It has been suggested by commentators and editorialists here, but not by Mr. Eisenhower, that when the President said he would ask Congress to resolve that this country recognises no kind of agreement contained in secret understandings of the past with foreign governments which would permit the enslavement of free people, he had in mind sections of agreements reached at Yalta, or Potsdam, and particularly certain accords that gave Soviet Russia a free hand in certain previously Japanese and Chinese territories,

and also in territories detached from Germany and Poland. But in fact nobody can quote Mr. Eisenhower, or any administration spokesman, as authority for saying that Mr. Eisenhower meant any specific agreement. My own opinion is that the President deliberately planned to keep this Declaration vague, and that he probably will avoid any closer definition of its meaning for a considerable period. Or, just as he expects to keep the Communist world guessing as to exactly what we mean by our Formosa policy, so he is willing to have our opponents guess, and perhaps worry a bit, as to what we mean by saying we will not recognise agreements permitting enslavement. In principle, this is a declaration of support for oppressed people's liberation, but it commits us to no specific action, while at the same time, leaving the door at least theoretically open to any action.

Does the new policy mean a blockade of the Chinese mainland? It might. At present no one here is sure on this point. But it is known the idea is being actively studied by the Eisenhower Administration. Mr. John Foster Dulles, our new Secretary of State, has just arrived back in the United States and is making his report to the President, so it is too early to record any American reaction to Mr. Dulles' European successes or lack of successes. Mr. Dulles appears to have suggested forcibly to Europe, that in default of tangible progress in the direction of defence unity there might be substantial cuts in American aid to European nations. This threat—let us face it, that is what it was—has considerable support in the American Congress, and I suspect there may be some cut in this year's aid appropriations, at least in the first instance. But the French have observed that the soup is not drunk as hot as it is cooked, and I imagine that will prove the case here. For in the last analysis our American opinion is realistic and is bound to recognise that the threat to cut aid is a two-edged blade: very serious aid cuts could certainly make things exceedingly uncomfortable for our old-world allies. But if the ultimate consequence were the weakening of Europe to the point where more resources passed under Communist control, the ultimate price we Americans would pay would be fully as high.

### No Tax Relief

One thing to which our American opinion is beginning to adjust itself increasingly is the idea that any relief from present extremely high tax burdens is going to have to be postponed some considerable distance into the future. This, after all, is the meaning of Mr. Eisenhower's positive policy. For if you are going to keep your opponent guessing, you have to give him something to guess about. This means we will arm and equip more South Korean divisions, and that will cost money. We do not know whether it will be necessary to fight new major offensives in Korea, but, if the enemy is to be kept guessing, he must at least be made to believe such offensives are possible, and that means supplies and equipment. That too, means increased costs.

Chiang Kai-shek is to get more equipment; more expense there. And though most Americans do not regard Indo-China as the main theatre in the Far East, there is a growing feeling that we will be called on to do more in that theatre too. Nor is this all. If British-Egyptian agreement could be reached, the question of the Middle-East Command as a defence for Nato's southern flank would become an immediate one, and, while one cannot now foresee what the United States commitment in such a command would amount to, there obviously would be some American commitment, and it would cost at least something.

So, even if there should be some trimming of aid to Europe, which is not certain, our other commitments seem likely to increase, and there goes any hopes of substantial tax reduction. It had been hoped to let the Korean war super-super-tax on incomes expire at the end of this year, but if policy shapes up it is recognised that this is becoming less and less likely. More and more, Americans are learning there is no bargain counter at which leadership can be bought.—*Home Service*



# The Floods in the Netherlands

By LIONEL FLEMING, B.B.C. special correspondent

**L**AST summer I was standing nearly in the middle of what had once been the Zuider Zee, one of the great new polders they have reclaimed there. I was listening to an official who was describing how this was only the first stage of a great scheme to reclaim all that area of water. 'It will be all land', he said, 'in due course'.

What the Dutch have been doing to the old Zuider Zee is what they have been doing for centuries in other parts of their country. It is a very daring thing, though in essence it is a fairly simple idea. What it amounts to is this: they enclose part of the sea with dykes, then they pump the water out, and then they keep it out. What lies underneath is new land. You could not do that everywhere; but the Dutch are lucky in having shallow water around their coasts and good land underneath. Of course, the new land is below sea level, and that is where the daring nature of the Dutch idea comes in. When the water has been pumped out, it has to be kept out at all costs. For if it breaks through the dykes it converts all that land to sea again, drowning the people on it and destroying their farms and lands.

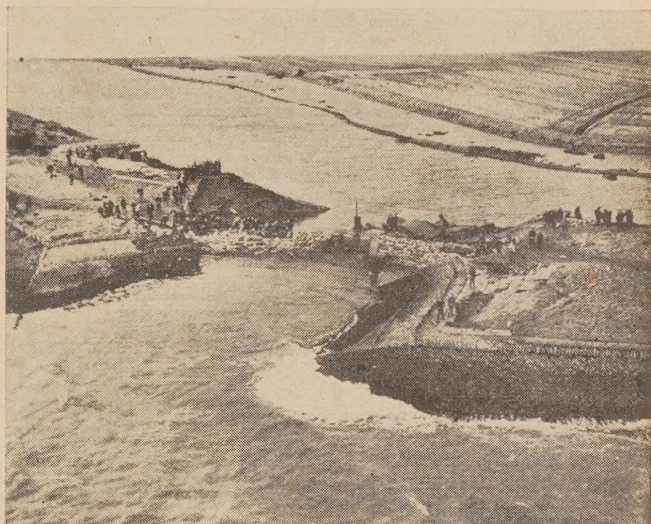
That happened a few days ago\*, and it has happened before: on Walcheren, for instance, during the war; and up in the north, on the first of the polders reclaimed from the Zuider Zee, the Germans blew a hole in the dyke—just one hole—and flooded an area of ten square miles in, I suppose, as many hours. The land has been reclaimed since, of course, but when I visited it last summer the people were still talking about it.

All of which goes to show how terrible an enemy the water can be to Holland and how disasters like this last one can happen. But there is a slight difference between this present one and the calamities I have referred to. In this case the flooded area does not actually lie below sea level; it is very slightly above it, though it has still to be protected by dykes. So the water, for the most part, will drain back into the sea instead of having to be pumped out. In fact, as I have seen for myself, it is draining back already. So, although the loss of life and property will be terrible, it would have been far greater if these lands had lain below sea level. And I have been told that it would have been greater again if it had not been for the reclamation scheme in the Zuider Zee. There is now a dam right across the mouth of the Zuider Zee; if it had not been for the dam the flood would have rushed down there, too, and submerged many more square miles of land. Even so, the situation was bad enough a day or two ago, for the water rose right up against this great dam and the waves were breaking over it.

At the moment at The Hague the first shock of disaster is over, though there always will be danger from another storm so long as the dykes are broken. The most urgent thing now is to rescue the people who have been stranded and to bring food and clothes to those who cannot be got out yet. The people are working night and day to do this. Aeroplanes are dropping supplies, boats

have assembled to take the people away, reception centres have been set up for the refugees. The first task is to look after the victims—and it is a terribly grave one. Many of them are completely isolated by the water and hard to get at; it is impossible to say how many of them there are, and how many have been drowned. The only thing certain at the moment is that the damage and suffering are very great indeed.

I have made a trip over the whole of the flooded areas in the Netherlands, from end to end. I made the journey by air, and in three hours I saw more devastation than I like to think about. We set off from the small airport near The Hague, and at first it was not too



At Poortvliet on the island of Tholen: a breach in the dyke being filled with sandbags. Left: at Oude Tonge, on the island of Overflakkee



bad. We started down the coast, and the coast in those parts is protected by big sand dunes. They had held back the water and the ground behind them was dry, which was just as well for the citizens of The Hague. But even so the dunes had been eaten away dangerously. One clear sign of it was that so many of the big concrete block-houses built by the Germans to stop the invasion had been undermined and had toppled over on to the strand. There they lay grotesquely, on their sides or even upside down, and near one of them was lying a cargo steamer, driven high up on to the beach by the gale. I saw more than one of these stranded steamers, one a tanker which had broken its back far beyond high water mark.

But the real trouble does not start till further south, beyond the Hook of Holland. The Hook itself seemed fairly normal from the air: far below I could see one of the ships from Harwich lying sedately at her moorings. But south of the Hook the sheets of water grow and grow. After a short time the ruined farmsteads are so familiar a sight that you almost stop noticing them. It is much the same all the way along. There the house stands alone, with no sign of life, in the middle of a great lake whose waters reach the first-floor windows. The hay from the barn has floated out; it lies around the house like so much seaweed.



The fields around are marked only by fences or the tops of dykes. In some places the muddy salt water had indeed drained away enough to let me see the land underneath again; it is land not covered by grass or crops but by a sandy sludge. The water is certainly draining away. As our aircraft banked and turned over the coast and back again inland, I could see the water roaring back through the sluices and the broken dykes, in some places with such force that the white foam marking the current went a long way into the sea.

That is a welcome sign that the worst is over. But it does leave behind a terrible sight for any farmer. It will be long before those salty, sandy fields are fit for cultivation again. And as for the dykes through which this water is now pouring back, I had asked in The Hague for an estimate of the number which had been broken, and they were doubtful. It might be sixty, it might be seventy, or more. Now I could see how hard it was to give an answer. All along our route were broken dykes; in some the break seemed to be twenty or thirty yards across, in others the dyke had only just crumbled. With communications in their present state I think it will be terribly hard to make any strict count. But one thing is certain, the sea wall is leaking like a sieve along miles of the coastline. And that goes for the internal dykes as well. The whole elaborate system of sea defences has been shaken.

Down towards the south-west part of Holland I saw the worst sights of all. That is the part which is a kind of delta, full of big islands and peninsulas and with great arms of the sea stretching far in. The whole country there, almost without exaggeration, could be called a lake. Often, when our aircraft crossed the coast of an island and flew across an estuary, it was almost impossible to tell where the island itself ended and the sea began. It was all water, with reminders of land here and there, and those reminders were not pleasant.

### The Waiting Group

On the island of Overflakkee, for instance, we circled over a village. At first sight it was utterly devastated and deserted: the houses were mere shells; many of them were a curious sight, for the water had washed away some of the walls but left the roofs standing. Some, again, had collapsed completely into the water. All around them was a mass of floating timber and rubbish; those that had gardens had their fruit trees festooned with all kinds of odd things which had got entangled with the branches when the water began to go down: window frames, mattresses, motor tyres—anything. Down the middle of the main street was what looked like a mountain torrent: the water had chosen this as its main escape route back to the sea. It was a dead town, or so I thought until I saw the people—a little group of twenty or so, standing together on some bank or wall at the end of a street; two farm horses, wet and dejected, stood with them. A rowing boat was making towards them. As we circled lower, they looked up at us and one waved; the boat drew in and began to take some of them off. That is the plight of the people, and it is feared there may be many of them who have been cut off in the middle of the floods. They are hungry and homeless and wet, and it is a long job to find them and take them away.

Some of the villages are not in such a bad plight. I saw many which evidently had been reached; lorries were crawling perilously towards them, along embankments which were just showing above the water, laden with food or clothes or materials for repairing the dykes. Incidentally, men are already at work on some of the dykes that can be reached. We could see them below us, filling the sandbags and setting them into position.

It was round about this area that I got some hint of the losses to livestock: dozens of cows—maybe there were forty or fifty—lying dead along an embankment. Whether they had crawled there as a last refuge or been swept there by some current of the water, I do not know; and it was also round here that I saw the oddest and the only comical sight of the trip—a steam ferry boat sitting primly, and on a perfectly even keel, in a large field which seemed to be miles from any deep water. It looked as if it was pretending to be Noah's Ark on Mount Ararat. A bit further on we came across evidence of the air help which is being given. We passed three or four helicopters and then some of the other aircraft which were being used for dropping rubber dinghies and food to the places that had been cut off. We saw them at it, too. We came over one village at the moment when one of these aircraft was circling round the village green, in the middle of it. As I watched, a dozen or so big packages fell from the aircraft on to the green, and it made off again.

We went on as far as Walcheren, which does not seem to have suffered very much, though the coast defences are in a shaky condition. But further to the east, there is a narrow peninsula that joins Walcheren and South Beveland to Holland itself, and when I saw it the whole area was still cut off from the mainland.

As we turned northwards again, up towards Dordrecht and Rotterdam, conditions got very bad again. A little before we came to Dordrecht, the main railway line from Holland to the south was still completely cut; in some places there seemed to be anything up to four feet of water over the lines. Signal-boxes had crumbled into the water; signals themselves were lying flat on their faces across the track. Dordrecht itself, which suffered badly when the floods began, now seems clear of water again, and the streets we passed over were encouragingly full of traffic. North of that, we came over dry land again at last.

### Warm-hearted and Calm

The human side of this calamity is of course the most important side. People here are well aware of that, and they are dealing with it in the Dutch manner. They are warm-hearted and at the same time calm. I have seen lorry after lorry streaming down the roads to the south, crammed full with the things that people, without being asked, had begun to contribute as soon as they heard the news. Other people gave boats and cars to help; others came themselves to see what they could do. And as quickly as the people gave their help, so it was co-ordinated. I daresay there are incidental muddles, but a general scheme is working and the help is going in the directions where it is most needed.

But when the immediate human problem has been met, and the victims rescued and housed, there will still be the material problem. One thing about a broken dyke is that the rush of water in and out will scour the bottom and will very soon create a big, deep pool where the break took place. Then it is very hard to fill again. I saw that last summer on the polder the Germans had flooded; the new dyke wall took a big bend at that place; they had not been able to fill in the pool so they had had to build round it. I do not know how much of that will have to be done now, and it should be done quickly for every delay means more scouring, and deeper and wider pools. Then there is the land to think about, and the ruined houses, and where the money will come from. But the Dutch have surmounted this kind of thing before, and they will do so again.—*Home and Overseas Services*

IN A TALK broadcast in 'Radio Newsreel', SIR JAMES SCOTT WATSON said of the sea-flooded land in Britain:

'The first thing that we can usefully do at the first possible opportunity is to clear the ditches. It will help also to open shallow surface channels, water furrows, to help the drainage. Only, in making such, a farmer should avoid taking heavy implements over the ground, even if the surface seems fit to carry them. If we puddle the soil while it is still full of salt we shall do more harm than good. It would be a help for the next stage if farmers would keep a note of the histories of every field, of the time when the various parts were first clear of water. Our soil chemists in the National Agricultural Advisory Service are getting organised to carry out a salt analysis of a great number of soil samples. But there may be a lot of variation within a given field. Pools that have stood for long will leave very salty patches. The ideal system for our samplers would be a set of maps made at weekly intervals for each field, from the time that the dry land first appears.

'How long will it be until the sea-flooded land will become fit to grow crops? The answer depends on many things: on the time that the land has been under water, on the rainfall, and on the nature of the soil, whether sand or clay or loam. Cases are known of sandy soil that has been sea-flooded for a fortnight and has carried a good crop after only one winter's rain. At the other extreme, heavy land reclaimed from the sea may be unfit to produce anything but grass for about five years.

'Is there anything we can do to hasten the clearing of the salt? Gardeners, including market gardeners, if they have the necessary water supplies, can spray the land. But spraying will be most effective if done in winter: that is to say, when evaporation is low. And light sprinkling in summer will only make matters worse. The other possibility is to copy the system which the Dutch have worked out, a method that shortens by nearly half the time that would otherwise be needed. It depends on the application of big dressings of gypsum'.



# Anglophobia in Present-day Italy

By A. P. d'ENTRÈVES

**W**HENEVER I ask English friends, on their return from Italy, about the welcome they have been given by my fellow-countrymen, they seem to be surprised at the oddity of my question. They will answer at once that the welcome was as warm as usual, that the Italians are the friendliest nation in the world, and that, apart from the high cost of living, Italy is still the ideal place for a holiday. This, I must say, reassures and comforts me. I know, of course, that my compatriots take a personal interest and delight in all human beings, and especially in foreigners. Travelling third class in Italy is, from that point of view, a revealing experience. They are also intelligent enough to draw a clear line between individuals and nations. In fact, generally speaking, I am convinced that the Italians are as fond as they always have been of their British tourists.

## Misleading Generalities

Generalisations, however, are often misleading. The fact that the Italians like the British as individuals is no indication that they also like them as a nation. Alas, if my reading of the evidence is correct, it would seem that, at the moment, at least, they do not; and if they are too polite and considerate to disclose their feelings to foreigners (and perhaps there is also a little blarney in it), they do so with a vengeance, whenever the opportunity arises, to someone like myself whom they consider notoriously pro-British. Because I have made England my home, they imagine that I have espoused everything that is English (*'I tuoi Inglese'*—your English—they keep saying to me in a half aggressive, half expostulatory tone). And because, on the other hand, I do not enjoy the privilege of a British passport, they find it easier to take me, rather than a full-fledged Briton, to task for all the misdeeds of perfidious Albion.

I cannot help being distressed at the extent to which anglophobia has grown in Italy in these last years. There is something paradoxical about it. Never were the British so popular as at the time when the two countries were at war. I still remember the little village on the slopes of the Alps where, after the first heavy bombing of north Italy, my family was evacuated, exactly ten years ago. Going out in the dark, silent streets at a certain hour of night I could hear distinctly, from behind the closed shutters of every house, the four beats of 'London Calling'. Heavy penalties were threatened in those days for listening to 'enemy' propaganda. But there were very few who could resist the temptation of tuning in to *Radio Londra*: for every word, every piece of information, that came from the B.B.C. carried final authority.

Now the pendulum seems to have swung right in the opposite direction. It is no use trying to put the British case to inattentive or sceptical Italians. They seem to have made up their minds once and for all about England: whatever does not square with their picture they either ignore or dismiss with impatience. Indeed, I have heard it maintained, when I was back in Italy recently, that the British Council is a branch of the Intelligence Service. That the Council's bland attempts at selling the British way of life to the natives should be viewed in such sinister light is a sign of the general suspicion of all that is British. I am afraid it is more than suspicion. It is instinctive dislike, if not open animosity. Among their former enemies, the Italians seem deliberately to have chosen Britain as their scapegoat. Of the difficulties that have beset their victors, none seem to fill them with greater delight than those against which this country is struggling. Moussadeq, Egypt, or Mau Mau, all provide them with a stick to beat the British. How has this unhappy state of affairs come about, and who is to blame for it? I am not sure that I am the best person to broach this awkward subject. But I am quite sure that it must be faced if we want to restore confidence and understanding between our two nations.

It is, of course, easy to explain anglophobia in present-day Italy as a retarded effect of fascism. Hatred for Britain in the last years before the war was one of the main ingredients of Fascist propaganda. British sea-power strangling Italy in the Mediterranean; British colonialism debarring the Italians from their place in the sun; British capitalism heading the coalition of the haves against the have-nots; these, and

innumerable other slogans, were ceaselessly drummed into the ears of the Italians. At first, they had little effect, so old and deep were the ties of sympathy between the two countries. Austria, not England, was the 'hereditary enemy' of Italy when I was a child. On coming to power, Mussolini had to invent a new one. The whipping up of anti-British feeling reached its climax at the time of the Abyssinian campaign and of sanctions. It never abated after that, and it was, alas, only too successful. It is the same old bogey of British imperialism that is now used by right- as well as by left-wing extremists in Italy. Here, as elsewhere, the neo-fascists march hand in hand with the communists.

In fact, neo-fascists are no more amenable to argument than are the communists. In Italy, they are popularly called the 'nostalgic'; and quite rightly, for it can well be said of them that *'ils n'ont rien appris ni rien oublié'*. They firmly believe that Mussolini would have been the greatest Italian statesman of all time had he not been stabbed in the back by a band of traitors in the pay of the British. For people who can believe this, the very outcome of the war provides the confirmation of Mussolini's contention: that Italy was the victim of a world-wide conspiracy to crush her legitimate ambitions and to seize her rightful possessions—and of this conspiracy Britain was the soul. The extraordinary feat of the neo-fascists is the way in which they overlook the contradictions of their petty Machiavellianism. While depicting Britain as the arch-enemy of Italy, they never stop abusing her as decrepit and bankrupt. Mistaking Mussolini's successful blackmail for real statesmanship, they have put it into their heads that a policy of *braggadocio* would pay better dividends than the cautious efforts by which such men as Einaudi and De Gasperi have sought to rebuild since the war the edifices which fascism came very near to destroying. Such people are hopeless. Perhaps they have not received the lesson which they deserved and which alone would have silenced them.

But to interpret Italian anglophobia merely as a symptom of the revival of fascism is to over-simplify an issue which is far more complex and disturbing. Leaving aside for the moment the great mass of the people, there are, unfortunately, clear indications of an attitude of resentment against Britain even among those former anti-fascists who were determined anglophiles only some years ago. Theirs is an attitude which I would be inclined to describe as one of disappointed affection. They fondly imagined that the age-long friendship between the two nations would easily be restored once 'one man, and one man only' was removed from the scene. They believed that all the promises that were made to the Italians on that score could be kept, that the clock would simply be put back to 1922, even with regard to Italy's frontiers and overseas dependencies. The peace treaty came to them as a bitter shock, and no less a man than Benedetto Croce did not hesitate to raise his voice in protest against it. Italy, in their view, was never allowed to work her passage home as she had been asked to do. Co-belligerence was made a mockery because of Allied diffidence and obstruction. The rising in the north, in which Italians of all classes risked their lives and possessions, was viewed with mixed feelings by Allied commanders. Whatever the ultimate cause of the misunderstanding, there can be little doubt that Britain has lost some of her best friends merely because the distinction of fascism and anti-fascism has never properly been grasped by many Englishmen. I myself have found and still find people in this country who openly praise the fascist regime, at least up to the day when Mussolini began to twist the lion's tail and became a nuisance to England.

## Not Fascists

Italians who think and feel in the way I have described are, of course, of a very different brand from the fascists. You can argue with them that Britain was not alone responsible for the harshness of the peace treaty; that the loss of colonies that were a liability rather than an asset might be hailed as a blessing by sensible Italians; that, far from having been in vain, opposition to Fascism and the resistance movement were the cause of Italy faring so much better than she might have

(continued on page 268)



# The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 12d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent

## 'Cupid's Whispers'

SIR COMPTON MACKENZIE'S talk on the delights of old sweets invoked a striking number of letters from our readers: some of them will be found in our correspondence columns this week. The topic is timely. The derationing of sweets, now undertaken for the second occasion since the war, offers another trial of the sugary tastes of the public. One cannot blame schoolchildren for lashing out, but one must hope that even the nostalgia induced by Sir Compton Mackenzie's recollections will not provoke that raid on stocks that dimmed the early dawn of 1949. Whoever may have been ultimately to blame for the failure of derationing then, there can be little doubt that the pundits of Whitehall were taken aback by the ardour of the British people to suck sweets.

If all goes well, derationing will certainly prove a test of which are the most popular varieties, for it is evident from our correspondents that the variety of sweets today is greater than might be imagined by the non-expert. For example, a somewhat fierce attack was launched upon Sir Compton Mackenzie because he missed out 'Cupid's Whispers' from the range of his reminiscences. 'Cupid's Whispers' are discs the size of a halfpenny 'of delicate pastel colours, flavoured with exciting though slightly nauseating scents which lingered on the breath'. The discs bear printed messages such as 'I love you' and 'my sweetheart'. In the days of which Sir Compton Mackenzie spoke, it appears, as is understandable, that these sweets were more favoured by nursemaids than by their charges. As soon as this matter was raised, another of our correspondents wrote to point out that Cupid's Whispers were on view, though not apparently to be eaten, in the Castle Museum at York where there is a Victorian sweet-shop dated about 1840. Another of our correspondents has since been able to report, however, that it will not be necessary for our readers to undertake a journey to York in order to familiarise themselves, or renew their acquaintance with, Cupid's Whispers. For—glad tidings!—Cupid's Whispers are still on sale. At Newbiggin-by-the-Sea, at any rate, they may be purchased with such messages as 'I love you' still inscribed.

About the other sweets mentioned by Sir Compton Mackenzie and his critics—wallflower-flavoured chocolate creams, apricot or greengage noyal, gelatine lozenges, monkey nut rock, brandy snaps, sugar marbles, cable-twist, everlasting strips, doormats, lucky bags, and gob-stoppers—we have not received detailed information, though we may venture the opinion that many of these delights are still to be obtained. It is impossible to believe that the nation which has produced penicillin and the Comet is not capable of reviving Spanish juice or jelly babies, providing that the ingredients are available. Strange how bright are the memories of childhood, how infinite the pleasures of nostalgia! But what is more important is that we grown-ups should live again in the children of today. May they savour the joys that once we knew. And let us not be too crusty. Let us refrain from telling them that things were so much better when we were children; for we may, after all, be quite wrong.

## What They Are Saying

### Foreign broadcasts on U.S. policies

LAST WEEK COMMENTATORS divided their attention between the floods, Mr. Dulles' visit to Europe, the United States' decision on Formosa, and the purge in Russia and the satellite states.

Commentators from many parts of the world voiced the sympathy of their peoples for the victims of the floods in Britain, Holland, and Belgium. From France, *Franc-Tireur* was quoted as drawing the moral that this 'European catastrophe' which had united all well-disposed people in helping each other should make Europeans realise that their interests lie in unity. Broadcasts from Moscow and other communist stations, in addition to expressing sympathy, could not resist making the disaster a propaganda issue also. *Pravda* was quoted to the effect that expenditure on armaments had prevented money being spent on Britain's coastal defences.

Mr. Dulles' visit to Europe was widely interpreted in communist broadcasts as a possible pre-war move on America's part. A Prague broadcast went so far as to say that it was certain that the new United States Administration's policy would be one of war. A Warsaw broadcast in English stated:

Remember that John Foster Dulles visited Syngman Rhee and the South Korean army a few days before the outbreak of the Korean war. This raises the question of whether he is preparing a new Korea in Europe now.

Alleged American proposals to promote war in Europe and also extend it in the Far East were widely discussed in satellite broadcasts against the background not only of Mr. Dulles' visit, but also of the message to Congress of 'the dangerous warmonger' Eisenhower, and of the defence pact of Greece, Turkey, and Yugoslavia, described as a 'preparation for war in the Balkans'. A number of broadcasts from eastern Germany affirmed that just as Eisenhower had given Chiang Kai-shek 'carte blanche' in the Far East, so Dulles was giving Adenauer a free hand to attack the German Democratic Republic. A Moscow broadcast in Greek claimed that the United States was 'organising war bases near the Soviet borders . . . everywhere'—bases which were clearly 'bridge-heads for attacks on the Soviet Union'. Another Moscow broadcast, quoting *Pravda* on the Stalingrad anniversary, stated that the Barbarossa Plan to attack the Soviet Union, devised by Keitel and Jodl, was now being 'hastily rehashed by the Pentagon'. Now, as in Ribbentrop's day, 'American diplomats are darting across Europe, setting up air and atom bases, recruiting their satellites by the whip and carrot method'. Moscow and satellite broadcasts also made much of Mr. Dulles' reported statement to Adenauer that Europe must speedily unite if Congress was not to cut financial aid. Some western commentators did take exception to Mr. Dulles' statement; but many also showed understanding of the American point of view. For example, *Il Corriere della Sera* was quoted from Italy for the following comment:

In her relations with the United States, Europe expects to be protected and independent at the same time. She is concerned with the security of her frontiers but is not prepared to make the necessary sacrifices to defend them. The Americans will not be satisfied with so little and ask for greater energy as a prelude to a more active policy in relation to the Soviet Union.

President Eisenhower's decision to deneutralise Formosa likewise caused much controversial comment. According to the Radical Socialist *L'Aurore*, which was quoted as asking the President to reconsider his decision, France's view coincided exactly with the view expressed by Mr. Eden in Parliament. From the United States, several newspapers expressed the view that there was no need for alarm. The *New York Herald Tribune* was quoted as commenting:

The question Mr. Eden poses, of what action will next be taken, is answered, it seems to us, by President Eisenhower's assurance that no aggressive move by the United States is contemplated.

Turning to another field of activity in China—the new marriage law, which was a principal topic in Peking broadcasts, mention may be made of the Central Government's directive on the subject. In some areas, it said, the feudalistic marriage system had been 'basically destroyed' and there had emerged 'many mutually loving model production couples and democratic, united model families which have played active roles in the various political activities and economic construction enterprises'. But, alas, some cadres had shown 'an attitude of resistance, clinging to old feudalistic customs and meddling in marriage freedom'.



# Did You Hear That?

## THE MOON AT APOGEE

'ON THE LAST DAY of this month', said Dr. J. G. PORTER in 'The Night Sky in February', 'the moon will be at the full, and it will rise at sunset that evening just below the bright star Regulus. This full moon occurs when the moon is at its farthest distance from the earth—a point in its orbit which is known as apogee. Naturally the moon on this occasion will appear smaller than usual, since it is farther away; but I wonder how many people who see the moon on that evening will remark on the fact? The change is obvious, because the distance of the moon from the earth can vary by something like fifteen per cent., and the resulting change in size is appreciable to a keen eye. The effect gets mixed up with the apparent increase in size of the moon when it is near the horizon, so you must wait until the moon is well up in the sky before you judge its size.

'These changes in size of the moon reveal to us the important fact that the moon travels round the earth in a path which is far from being a circle. Nor is it even a true ellipse, because it is always changing. Suppose, for instance, that you made a point of measuring the size of the moon every night. You would find the moon smallest on the night of February 28, but the next occasion would not occur at full moon, nor yet when the moon was in the same part of the sky. Actually the next two dates of the moon at apogee are March 27 (three days before full) and April 24 (five days before full). What is happening is that the oval path of the moon is twisting round in space.

'There is nothing new in this. The more important wanderings of the moon were discovered in just this way by Hipparchus more than 2,000 years ago. Yet the complicated movements of the moon still remain one of our biggest difficulties in astronomy. Every one of these changes in the moon's path has some effect on the earth. The two bodies are linked together so that each affects the other. We speak of the moon as a satellite of the earth, but it would be more accurate to describe the two together as a double planet. Each attracts the other, but each is disturbed by the attraction of the sun. And as the moon is pulled this way and that—speed and distance always altering—so there are corresponding effects on the tides, on the way in which the earth nods its axis, on the rate at which it turns round—and so on. And all these changes, although small, have a great influence on our measures of time and of the positions of stars'.

## MEMORIES OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, NORWICH

In a talk in 'Midlands Miscellany', BASIL MAINE recalled memories of the Theatre Royal at Norwich. 'When I first knew it', he said, 'it was about seventy-five years old. It had been opened on Easter Monday, 1826, when a stock company gave "The School for Scandal" and a play called "Youth, Love and Folly, or The Female Jockey". The proceeds of the first performance were "for the relief of the unemployed poor". During the opening performance, according to the *Norwich Mercury*, two or three "regular blockheads" kept up a continuous uproar and "committed a cowardly assault upon the peaceable individual who vends refreshments". The *Mercury* was



Henry Herbert in two of his Shakespearean parts: above, as Falstaff; right, as Petruchio  
Mander-Mitchenson Theatre Collection

so indignant that it advised the audience, if such a thing happened again, "to take the redress in their own hands".

'The Norwich audience had become more civilised when I first became one of their number, though voices from the gallery made their requests heard in no modest manner, especially in demanding an encore of the Soldiers' Chorus in "Faust", or "Turn on, old time", from "Maritana". Even the dagger speech in "Macbeth" was sometimes encored and on such occasions Macbeth, having worked himself up to murder point and having entered Duncan's chamber,

would sheepishly return and start the nightmare all over again. This last incident would be during one of the visits of the F. R. Benson Company, which, with the annual visit of the Moody-Manners Opera Company, would almost make up the yearly sum of my theatre experiences in those days. I could not have been more than seven years old when I heard my first opera and saw my first Shakespeare play.

'Perhaps some Norwich people will recall that travelling Shakespearean company of F. R. Benson; if so, perhaps they will agree with me when I say that to us these players of fifty years ago were gods and goddesses, even though few of them were known to the London public. Foremost among these superhumans was Henry Herbert.



Every part that he played was coloured by that nasal, melancholy voice of his. Hamlet one night, Petruchio the next, Henry V at the matinee, and to wind up the week perhaps Caliban. Each, unmistakably, was Henry Herbert, yet each portrayal had a separate glamour'.

## SCULPTURES IN WORCESTER CATHEDRAL

'Worcester Cathedral', said BRYAN LITTLE, speaking in 'Midlands Miscellany', 'is an excellent example of how a great church can be filled with sculpture to go with its architectural beauties. Anthony Tolly put his name on the monument to Bishop Freake who died in 1591 and we have the beautiful white marble bust to Bishop Gauden whose death was in 1662. The carver's name is unknown, but he put the bust in an elaborate setting of decidedly Baroque character.

'Judge Thomas Street died in 1696, having played a leading part in the legal opposition to James II. But his memorial was not put up till 1774, and then it was a plain one, with a cherub and a cap of liberty, by the Royal Academician Joseph Wilton. Another opponent of James II was Bishop Hough, who was at Worcester till his death in 1743 when he was over ninety. His memorial is by Roubillac; it is the most splendid in Worcester and one of its sculptor's masterpieces. It has a relief showing Hough's defiance of the King when he was President of Magdalen College, Oxford, but its best feature is the figure of the Bishop himself, shown seated on a sarcophagus with his eyes towards heaven. The statue is full of life and movement, and has much about it of the dramatic feeling one sees in Bernini's famous figure of St. Teresa in the church of Santa Maria della Vittoria in Rome.

'Hough's successor was Bishop Maddox, and his monument, by a Bath sculptor named Prince Hoare, has a beautiful relief of the Good Samaritan which refers to the fact that the Bishop was one of the founders of the Worcester Royal Infirmary. The next Bishop of



Worcester was James Johnson. He died in 1774 and his simple monument combines two famous names, for the main design was by Robert Adam while the excellent bust was by Nollekens, another important sculptor of foreign descent.

'The last three monuments I want to mention are more strictly classical. Out at Powick church is a charming one by the younger Scheemakers for a Mrs. Mary Russell, who died in 1786 aged only twenty-eight. Her portrait by Gainsborough shows that she was an exceedingly beautiful young lady, and here she is in marble, her reclining statue draped in decidedly scanty classical garments. She was very musical, and an organ and other instruments are included. She was also a mother, and a beautifully carved plaque shows her teaching her child to read. Back in the cathedral are two fine monuments of an even more Grecian character. One, by the younger Bacon, is to a Colonel Ellis who was killed at Waterloo, and the statue is of a wounded officer falling off his horse. The second is to another lady who died young, a Mrs. Digby, whose memorial, dated 1825, is by the famous Chantrey. The lady reclines gracefully as she looks towards the east; the feeling of the monument is a little cold, but I think it is one of its carver's best works'.

## DEAD GOOSE

FRED LOADS, the gardening expert, told this reminiscence in 'The North-countryman'. 'I have had some real tartars of employers in my time', he said, 'but I think the one that caps the lot was a Yorkshire parson. For this particular job competition was keen—I was the lucky one out of 287 applicants. My wage was 24s. 4d. a week, eightpence docked off for insurance and sixpence stopped if I missed a Sunday service. I worked three days a week for the parson and two-and-a-half days for his wife, and woe betide me if I used any of *her* materials for *his* garden. She kept ducks, and he kept hens, two pigs, six Irish geese and a few fox terriers. If any hens died or looked sick he used to sell them to his wife for use in the house.

'One day a goose mysteriously died. I can see him now holding this dead goose, which he had picked up in the field, and stroking it as if it just couldn't be. For once the lady refused to eat dead fowl, so the parson brought it to me. I didn't want to be out of a job for various reasons then, so I took the proffered gift. Of course, we had no intention of eating it. For one thing we hadn't a fire and nothing to make one with either. There we were stuck with a dead goose which we couldn't bury or burn, for every movement we made was watched.

'The time was July and the situation was desperate, so two evenings later, about nine o'clock, we put the goose in a paper flour bag, and pushed it up a loose raincoat and started off across the fields. We made for the banks of a small stream where we knew there were a number of otter runs. Mercifully it was getting dusk and with a sigh of relief we reached the grassy bank and sat with our legs dangling over the edge. This enabled me to slide my paper-covered bundle down between my legs where I viciously back-heeled it down a gaping hole in the bank. It was getting dark now and we had nearly two miles of cross-country walking to do to get home.

'We hadn't gone ten yards before we heard a rustling and a dragging sound and to our horror saw a sheep dog dragging out our goose. Getting it firmly in its mouth it was off like a shot. We chased off after it and found that it belonged to a farmer called Zach. When we got to his farm gate he was standing there with the goose in his hand. And he'd just given the dog a good hiding because he thought it had killed it. Breathlessly we tried to explain about the parson and so on,

but we could see that he didn't believe us. He said he was going up to the vicarage to get the rights of it. Finally he agreed to take a half-a-crown to let me bury the goose in his midden—the only half-a-crown I had in the world it was, too, but I didn't grudge it. And if anyone ever asks me if feathers are all right in the compost heap, I think of myself on the top of a steaming heap of manure about midnight, burying a dead goose'.

## WHEN WAISTCOATS WERE WAISTCOATS

The gallery of English costume at Platt Hall, Manchester, has just acquired an eighteenth-century gentleman's wardrobe and the wedding dress of a once-famous actress. The gallery, which also houses the famous Cunningham collection, is already recognised as having the finest collection of eighteenth century costume in the country. VERNON NOBLE, B.B.C. reporter, spoke about the new acquisitions in 'The Eye-witness'.

'These costumes', he said, 'have been bought from Lord Stanley of Alderley, in Cheshire, and the suits—there are seven of them—belonged to Sir John Thomas Stanley, the sixth baronet. He was certainly a man of fashion, and I should imagine he had a most competent valet for although these suits are not far short of 200 years old, they are in almost perfect condition. Four of them, with their elaborate embroidery, would be worn on special occasions: at Court for example, in the ballroom, or when entertaining visitors. One is a figured purple velvet, with flowers in the most exquisite designs and colours embroidered along the edges of the coat and along the pleats of the tail. Each large button is stitched with a flower pattern, and the velvet breeches have flowery designs on the knee-bands. But the waistcoat is the *pièce de résistance*, made of white satin and stitched all over the front with tiny flowers to match those on the coat. A generous amount of waistcoat was disclosed, of course, in the eighteenth century, the jacket being cut away to reveal what nowadays looks almost like a miniature floral art gallery. Two of these suits are of velvet, one is of corded silk, and the other of satin, and each has the elegant waistcoat which seems oddly effeminate to modern eyes. One white silk waistcoat is covered with tiny embroidered pink flowers, which must have entailed

very many hours of close stitching. The other three suits are of plain velvet or silk for everyday wear, one being ribbed in purple and green.

'And alongside Sir John's suits is a cream silk dress with flower sprays painted on it. It belonged to an ancestress of the maternal side of the Stanley family, a certain Mademoiselle de Camp, who wore it when she married the actor Charles Kemble in 1806. Mademoiselle de Camp was quite a distinguished actress before she married into the theatrical family of Kemble, and she continued her career, attaining some eminence not only as an actress but as a playwright. It seems odd that she should marry in a style of dress that was about twenty years out of fashion; a gown divided at the front over a skirt that seems to have been re-made from one dating back to the middle of the century. Was it her mother's wedding dress? Was it one she used to wear on the stage, and, being something of a character, she did not mind flouting fashion? Was it the best she could afford at the time, and she did not mind a re-made skirt, because only the front of it showed under the over-gown? Whatever the answers to these questions, there is no doubt that Marie Thérèse de Camp would make an extremely attractive bride in this gown of hand-painted silk. A contemporary report described her as "a delightful, dark-eyed, dark-haired girl whose motion was itself music e'er her voice was heard".'



The memorial to Bishop Hough by Roubillac in Worcester Cathedral  
B. Burrnell



# The Megalomania of Adolf Hitler

SIR LEWIS NAMIER reviews the biography by Alan Bullock\*

**M**UST we talk of Hitler? We must, however distasteful the subject: for a reckoning there has to be with the forces that made him, and we shall have to reckon with them also in the future: and the viler Hitler the man, the more significant is the part which he was able to play in history. The first thing, therefore, is to have the facts about him carefully sifted, soberly stated, and properly documented: this Mr. Bullock has done in the 730 pages of his book. He does not attempt ingenious explanations, which would unavoidably result in a one-sided selection and grouping of material: scope is left to the judgment of the reader. I shall try to delineate some of the essential features of Mr. Bullock's story.

## Ambition to Become an Artist

Adolf Hitler, born in 1889, the son of a petty Austrian official, refused to follow his father's profession. 'One day it became clear to me', he writes in *Mein Kampf*, 'that I would be a painter, I mean an artist . . .'. Note how he guards against being misunderstood: an artist, not a house-painter. He speaks of the deep ditch that separated the *petit bourgeois*, 'among whom I passed my younger days', from the working classes; 'this division', he says, 'which we may almost call enmity', springs from fear of reverting to the condition of manual labourers, or at least of being classed with them; and he himself, in his passionate refusal to join a trade union, reproduced that attitude. At the climax of his career Hitler still thought that he should have been a great painter or architect and not a statesman. But he had neither artistic taste nor ability and, in spite of training received at an art school in Munich (an episode left out of *Mein Kampf*), he failed to secure admission to the Vienna Academy of Fine Arts. Unwilling to settle down to regular work, lazy and moody, he became a social nondescript: he slept in doss-houses, did casual jobs, or painted picture postcards or posters and advertisements for small shops.

But all along his passion was reading newspapers and talking politics, which even then he did with uncontrolled violence. 'He gave rein to his hatreds—against the Jews, the priests, the Social Democrats, the Habsburgs. . . . The few people with whom he had been friendly became tired of him, of his strange behaviour and wild talk'. 'During these years', writes Hitler, ' . . . a definite outlook on the world took shape in my mind. . . . Since then I have extended that foundation very little, I changed nothing in it'—which was only too true. Mr. Bullock repeatedly adverts to the Austrian strands in Hitler's character and mentality; he was representative of his class and country, and especially of that unadulterated provincial Austria with its surly hostility to imperial, cosmopolitan Vienna and its Jewish intelligentsia. 'It is not by the principles of humanity that man lives', declared Hitler in February 1928, ' . . . but solely by means of the most brutal struggle'. This Mr. Bullock describes as 'the natural philosophy of the doss-house'. But there is another, perhaps more significant, side to it: after 1866 and 1870, German nationalists in Austria had come to worship Prussia's strength; of the positive qualities from which it sprang—hard work, mental tidiness, devotion to duty, regularity, and an austere (though very narrow) morality—they had none, least of all Hitler, nor could he have acquired them; what such a sham-Prussian could reproduce on the cheap was brutality.

Hitler left Vienna in 1913, perhaps to evade military service, for which he failed to report. In 1914 he joined the German army: war was to him an escape from frustration and failure. In December 1914 he was awarded the Iron Cross, Second Class, and in August 1918, the Iron Cross, First Class, 'an uncommon decoration for a corporal'. Neither the reason of that award, nor of his remaining a corporal, has been satisfactorily explained. At the end of the war Hitler was in his thirtieth year; he had little prospect of finding a job; in fact, 'he was not interested in work . . . ; he never had been': 'I resolved', he writes, 'that I would take up political work'. What part he played, if any, during the Munich Communist régime of April-May 1919, is uncertain. After its overthrow, Bavaria, under a right-wing government with strong particularist leanings, became the refuge of shady elements

from the late Freikorps, bitter enemies of the Weimar republic, and a training school for political murder and terrorism; the Police President of Munich, when asked if he knew that there were political murder gangs in Bavaria, replied: 'Yes, but not enough of them'. Similarly minded, Major-General von Epp of the Munich Army Command, and his assistant, Major Roehm, gave Hitler in its political department the post of educational officer for the troops, 'with the task of inoculating the men against contagion by socialist, pacifist, or democratic ideas'. Into the German Workers' Party which Hitler was building up, Roehm pushed ex-Freikorps men and ex-servicemen; and the first 'strong arm squads' were formed under an ex-convict, the nucleus of the S.A. Hitler was now able to prove his powers of agitator and mob orator, and to form and practise with impunity his methods of incitement, violence, and intimidation, under protection from the Army Command.

In a speech of January 30, 1941, Hitler claimed: 'No human being has declared or recorded what he wanted more often than I'—nor his methods; and few politicians have made known with equal frankness their views about the masses and how to appeal to them. Hitler wrote in *Mein Kampf*:

Their receptive powers are very restricted, and their understanding is feeble . . . all effective propaganda must be confined to a few bare necessities and . . . expressed in a few stereotyped formulas. . . . The broad masses of the nation . . . more readily fall victims to the big lie than to the small lie, since they themselves often tell small lies in little matters, but would be ashamed to resort to large-scale falsehoods. . . . The masses feel very little shame at being terrorised intellectually and are scarcely conscious of the fact that their freedom as human beings is impudently abused. . . . The very first condition . . . in every kind of propaganda is a systematically one-sided attitude towards every problem that has to be dealt with. . . . When they see an uncompromising onslaught against an adversary, the people have at all times taken this as proof that right is on the side of the active aggressor. . . . The art of leadership consists of consolidating the attention of the people against a single adversary. . . . The leader of genius must have the ability to make different opponents appear as if they belonged to one category.

Here, then, were in a nutshell the precepts of the supreme political gangster with an insight into the psyche of his own nation which did border on genius: the crass immorality of his tenets and methods shocked few among the Germans, who have long relished an ostentatiously cynical attitude in politics; and whatever was offensive in his pronouncements, each would apply only to the others.

## No Use for Truth

Hitler had no use or respect for truth, hardly any conception of it. The mental processes of criticism and analysis jarred on him, and his hostility to 'freedom of thought or discussion represented a personal dislike quite as much as a political expedient'. He talked incessantly, and with a blend of fanaticism and calculation would talk himself into conviction or 'whip himself into a passion which enabled him to bear down all opposition, and provided him with the motive power to enforce his will on others. 'The most obvious instance of this', writes Mr. Bullock, 'is the synthetic fury, which he could assume or discard at will, over the treatment of German minorities abroad'. He would not listen to the Germans in the south Tyrol and helped to uproot them in the Baltic States, but worked himself into a frenzy of indignation over imaginary persecutions in Czechoslovakia or Poland when he wished London and Paris to soften up for him the victim he was about to attack. 'Hitler in a rage appeared to lose all control of himself. His face became mottled and swollen with fury, he screamed at the top of his voice, spitting out a stream of abuse, waving his arms wildly and drumming on the table or the wall with his fists. As suddenly as he had begun he would stop, smooth down his hair, straighten his collar and resume a more normal voice'. There was 'skilful and deliberate exploitation of his own temperament'.

He hit, according to Mr. Bullock, on a psychological fact (certainly true of the Germans): 'that violence and terror have their own propa-

\* Hitler: *A Study in Tyranny*. Odhams Press, 25s.



ganda value, and that the display of physical force attracts as many as it repels'. In using violence Hitler would give it the widest possible publicity. 'The reputation of our hall-guard squads', he wrote in *Mein Kampf*, 'stamped us as a political fighting force and not as a debating society'. In his speeches he stressed and repeated such words as 'smash', 'force', 'ruthless', or 'hatred'; and his shortcomings as orator 'mattered little beside the extraordinary impression of force, the immediacy of passion, the intensity of hatred, fury, and menace conveyed by the sound of the voice alone without regard to what he said'. 'With an almost inexhaustible fund of resentment in his own character to draw from', he made the appeal to nationalist resentment an essential part of his stock-in-trade, and offered the Germans 'a series of objects on which to lavish the blame for their misfortunes'. 'Lashing himself to a pitch of near-hysteria, he would scream and spit out his resentment', evoking a hysterical response in his audience. Otto Strasser, one of his bitterest critics, wrote:

Adolf Hitler enters a hall. He sniffs the air. For a minute he gropes, feels his way, senses the atmosphere. Suddenly he bursts forth. His words go like an arrow to their target, he touches each private wound on the raw, liberating the mass unconscious, expressing its innermost aspirations, telling it what it most wants to hear.

### The Orator and the Mass

And Hitler himself says about the orator: 'He will always follow the lead of the great mass in such a way that from the living emotion of his hearers the apt word which he needs will be suggested to him and in its turn this will go straight to the hearts of his hearers'. There is a Jewish legend that the burning bush, from which the voice of the Lord spoke to Moses, was the nation of Israel gathered at the foot of Mount Sinai. The wording of the 'Declaration of the Rights of Man and Citizen', over which the most distinguished draftsmen had floundered in the seclusion of their studies, came to them, monumental and noble, as they were facing the crowded Assembly. And it was again on the masses that Hitler drew: what was worst in the Germans, their hatreds and resentments, their envy and cruelty, their brutality and adoration of force, he focused and radiated back on them. A master in the realm of psyche but debarred from that of the spirit, he was the prophet of the possessed; and a degree of interchange there was between him and them, unknown between any other political leader and his followers. This is the outstanding fact about Hitler and the Third Reich.

Hitler made also a great tactical discovery: that it was possible in Germany to create a mass-organisation comprising hundreds of thousands of armed men, to extol its 'indomitable aggressive spirit' and its determination brutally to enforce its will, and yet play safe. The S.A., says Mr. Bullock, was for street brawls only, 'the shock troops of a revolution that was never to be made': Hitler was determined to obtain power 'without a head-on collision with the forces of the state, above all with the army'. On May Day, 1923, 20,000 armed Stormtroopers were gathered in a field near Munich for an attack against the Socialist procession; but when a thin cordon of troops was thrown round them, Hitler, though urged by some of his lieutenants to use his superior numbers to overpower the troops, capitulated. That no further action was taken against him by the Bavarian Government and the army 'suggested that, in more favourable circumstances, another attempt to force the hand of the authorities might succeed'. It was indeed with their help that, half a year later, he hoped to pull off his *Putsch*. But he bungled the affair, and would have withdrawn once more had not Ludendorff forced him to act. They marched the next morning, were met by a line of police, and were fired at; Ludendorff and his A.D.C. pushed through the line, but the Nazi leaders, who had all the time 'appealed openly to violence, crumpled up and fled', Hitler first. 'His revolution—even in 1923—had been designed', writes Mr. Bullock, 'as a "revolution by permission of the Herr President"'; and proposals to have him deported—he was still an alien—were shelved by indulgent protectors in high places.

Never again was he to risk a collision with the armed forces of the state: when in 1925 he was forbidden for a time to speak in public, he obeyed; and when in April 1932, the dissolution was ordered of the S.A., by then 400,000 strong, and Roehm thought of resisting, Hitler insisted that the S.A. must obey. Revolutionary action as he understood it, that is violence on a grand scale, had to be postponed till he was invested with the power of the state and in control of its machinery (but when five Nazis in the Silesian village of Potempa kicked to death a Communist in front of his mother, he addressed them as 'My comrades', and told them that their liberation 'is a question of our

honour'). In parliamentary and presidential elections he engaged under protest: 'For us parliament is not an end in itself, but merely a means to an end . . . we are a parliamentary party by compulsion . . . democracy must be defeated with the weapons of democracy'. But once he was able to do so constitutionally, he would form the state in the manner he thought right; and then, he added, 'heads will roll': a prospect which was apparently cheering rather than repellent to the ever-growing throng of his followers.

Within the party, the Führer insisted on unquestioning submission to his will and commands: disobedience was the only 'moral turpitude' punished with expulsion from the party. Discipline heightened in individual members the feeling of aggregate strength; and the party programme was declared unalterable, and was never allowed to become a subject of discussion. 'But the attitude of the leaders towards the programme', writes Mr. Bullock, 'was entirely opportunist. For them . . . the real object was to get their hands on the state. They were . . . the gutter *élite*, avid for power, position, and wealth . . .'. Hitler would adjust his programme to suit his audience. 'The Communists deliberately limited their appeal to one class, while Hitler aimed to unite the discontented of all classes'. Much of his following still adhered to anti-capitalist tenets, but he was building up the movement on large subsidies from the political funds of the heavy industry and big business. Conservative politicians and the generals had control of the state and the army, and the bankers and business men had the money; but Hitler had the masses. While they carried on government by presidential decrees and with dwindling popular and parliamentary support; he, in the Reichstag elections of July 1932, secured nearly 14,000,000 votes, 37.3 of the total cast. The question was when the two sides would join hands, and on what terms. In the end Hitler attained power not through a clear electoral majority, nor through an irresistible revolutionary or national movement: 'he was jobbed into office by a backstairs intrigue', writes Mr. Bullock, 'by a shoddy deal with the "Old Gang"'. Yet his power 'was founded on popular support to a degree few people cared, or still care, to admit'; and he made a genuine appeal, especially to the younger generation. Moreover, millions of non-Nazis showed no moral repugnance to him and his methods; and, what mattered most, he was favoured by the army and its leaders.

The conservative politicians who had placed him in office and joined him in it, believed that he could be held in check and tamed. They were soon left gasping for breath. He was free of all restraint or inhibitions in using the formidable power placed in his hands, 'a man without roots, with neither home nor family', writes Mr. Bullock, '... who admitted no loyalties, was bound by no traditions, and felt respect neither for God nor man'. Conscience was to him 'a Jewish invention, a blemish like circumcision', and Providence was invoked only as a foil to his own person. He boasted: 'We have no scruples, no bourgeois hesitations', he combined considerable intellectual powers and a political virtuosity; and he was now ruler of a nation which, like himself before he had attained office, would duly submit to any decree of those placed in authority over it. Step by step he achieved arbitrary power, more absolute even than that of Mussolini. All political landmarks were eliminated in the German scene; the Federal States, the political parties, the trade unions, were annihilated in the process of *Gleichschaltung*. The Civil Service and police were purged; the spoils of office went to the Nazis. 'The street gangs', writes Mr. Bullock, 'had seized control of the resources of a great modern state'.

### 'Merciless Persecution'

From the first the Jews were delivered to merciless persecution, and violence and cruelty were encouraged against previous opponents. There was a breakdown of law and order with the connivance of the state. 'Men were arrested, beaten and murdered for no more substantial reason than to satisfy a private grudge, to secure a man's job or his apartment, and to gratify a taste for sadism'. This was the revolution of the S.A. in power; but when Roehm came into conflict with the army leadership, the S.A. was broken in the purge of June 30, 1934, in which Hitler murdered some of his oldest friends, and in exchange secured, a month later, the succession to Hindenburg from the army, very well satisfied with the events of that June weekend. There is no denying the ability with which he got the better of all his domestic opponents, and next of the statesmen on the international scene. They were feeble; they would not believe that anyone could act as Hitler did, time after time; and he had luck—his methods suited the circumstances. Still, the fact remains that under Hitler the German nation



won victories and attained an extension of power not seen in Europe since the days of Napoleon, and far surpassing what it had achieved in the first world war; and that in so far as the leadership was concerned, diplomatic and military, the merit was mainly with Hitler himself. He and his story pose the insoluble enigma of success.

Hitler's mind was uncreative and unoriginal, and he 'seems to have been genuinely unaware of the extent of his unoriginality. His appearance was unimpressive, 'plebeian through and through, with none of the physical characteristics of the racial superiority he was always invoking'; while in his coarse and curiously undistinguished face, the eyes alone attracted attention. His imagination, soaked in German neo-romanticism, produced a travesty of Wagner, Nietzsche, and Schopenhauer. Originality he achieved solely 'in the terrifying literal way in which he set to work to translate fantasy into reality', war and conquest having removed all restraint on him. 'The S.S. extermination squads', writes Mr. Bullock, 'the *Einsatzkommandos*, with their gas-vans and death camps; the planned elimination of the Jewish race; the treatment of the Poles and Russians, the Slav *Untermenschen*—these . . . were fruits of Hitler's imagination'. No generous ideas inspired the Nazi revolution, whose only themes were domination and destruction. 'It is this emptiness, this lack of anything to justify the suffering he caused . . . which makes Hitler both so repellent and so barren a figure'.

In the end megalomania wrought Hitler's own destruction. Suspicion of the expert, class-resentment against the Officer Corps, and a firm belief that he himself was endowed with more than ordinary gifts, made him assume the direction of war, even in detail. His 'unbounded confidence' in himself, of which he boasted, destroyed self-criticism and cut him off from reality. More and more, he shut himself up and 'lived in a private world of his own, from which the ugly facts of Germany's situation were excluded'. Finally he could no longer be persuaded to make a speech in public: he said he was waiting for a military success; Mr. Bullock suspects a deeper reason: 'Hitler's gifts as an orator had always depended on his flair for sensing what was in the

minds of his audience. He no longer wanted to know what was in the minds of the German people'. And then, when his power had vanished and the enemy was closing in on him, nothing remained but a snarling, raving maniac, who in his quieter hours bored his companions with a monotonous repetition of reminiscences from his youth, and with 'anecdotes about his dog and his diet, interspersed with complaints about the stupidity and wickedness of the world'.

At fifty-five he was an old man with ashen complexion and shuffling gait. 'It was no longer simply his left hand, but the whole left side of his body that trembled . . .', writes General Guderian. 'He walked awkwardly, stooped more than ever, and his gestures were both jerky and slow. He had to have a chair pushed under him when he wished to sit down'. And another witness at a conference in Hitler's bunker, early in 1945, wrote: 'His head was slightly wobbling. . . . There was an indescribable flickering glow in his eyes, creating a fearsome and unnatural effect. His face and the parts around his eyes gave the impression of total exhaustion'. Yet at this, and at other conferences, he would shout at his service chiefs his impossible demands and arbitrary decisions, treating them as pygmies who failed to rise to the level of his genius and vision, or cursing them for their cowardice, treachery, and incompetence: in the increasing vulgarity of his language, the Hitler of the Vienna days was once more to the fore. Amid the sufferings and defeat he had brought on Germany, he thought of himself as betrayed by a people unworthy of their Führer. On March 19, 1945, he said to Speer, his Minister for Armaments and Munitions: 'If the war is to be lost, the nation also will perish. . . . There is no need to consider the basis even of a most primitive existence any longer. On the contrary, it is better to destroy even that, and to destroy it ourselves!' A crude fantasy of a Wagnerian 'Night of the Gods', farcical and ludicrous like all his fancies and ideas when he had no longer the power to inflict them as tragedy on millions of men. Yet may not his ghost and figure work still further havoc? The relation of the Germans to him and what he stands for in their history, will determine its further course.—*European Service*

## The Philosophy of Atomic Physics—II

By LEON ROSENFELD

THOSE of you who listened to my last talk\* will recollect that in attempting to describe our experience of the world of atoms we learned that the classical conception of phenomena is too crude and the classical ideal of determinism too narrow. Among other things, the definition of the phenomenon must include a description of the apparatus we observe it with, and phenomena may be connected by a relation of complementarity, more comprehensive than the rigid link of deterministic causality. An atomic phenomenon must be conceived as a whole; it is not susceptible to a detailed analysis of the classical type, because a classical description would require a combination of elements which are in fact complementary.

This wholeness of atomic phenomena can find adequate expression only in a statistical conception of the laws of nature. Each phenomenon has in itself, so to speak, an unlimited number of potentialities, whose occurrence is ruled by a law of probability. It is a common belief that probability refers only to some imperfect and provisional state of knowledge; Poincaré said that it is a measure of the depth of our ignorance. And to justify the use of statistical considerations, one imagines that there must be some deeper level at which the course of events is fully determined. But it is clear that the situation we find in atomic physics does not conform to this view. There is simply no room for a deterministic substratum to the view of the processes: our description of these is fundamentally statistical.

Has, then, our power to describe the forces of nature, of which we are so proud, here found its limit? By no means. We have discarded the concept of determinism only because it proved too narrow; within the wider framework of complementarity the essential use of statistical methods represents a tremendous advance in our rational account of experience. These methods are, in fact, perfectly adapted to the peculiar way in which we are able to enter into contact with the world of atoms. They cover all the possibilities of actual observation of atomic phe-

nomena and all the possibilities of making use of these phenomena. This is perhaps not always sufficiently realised, and it may not be superfluous to dwell a little longer on this point.

Recently a friend of mine confessed that he was worried by the following situation. We can actually observe the decay of a radioactive atom at a certain time, and yet this is an event which we are quite unable to predict. The question, 'At what time will this particular atom decay?', is apparently a sensible one, yet we cannot answer it: and it may be important to know, for this particular decay process might be used to trigger off an atomic bomb.

My reaction to this conundrum is this. As long as we are concerned with the logical structure of a theory it is all right to discuss ideal experiments, or even 'Heath Robinson' contraptions. But the problem of our control of nature and its possible limits is a practical issue; if we want to face it we must be more realistic: we must look at the actual practice of scientific work. The observation of the decay of radioactive atoms is now a powerful instrument of research, the method of radioactive tracers, as it is called. The idea is to ascertain the presence of a certain chemical element by adding to it a minute quantity of a radioactive isotope and detecting this by its decay. For this the prediction of the exact time when any single radioactive atom decays, if we could make it, would be of no use whatever. The identification of the radioactive isotope is based on the measurement of its lifetime, and this we can get only by observing a whole series of decay processes. Surely, our control of this essentially statistical event could not be more complete or put to more efficient use. This is but an example taken at random, but it is a typical one. There is no question here of a retreat of science. On the contrary, scientific thought emerges from the test enriched not only with new knowledge but with more powerful methods of rational analysis.

The new dignity of statistical conceptions in atomic physics invites



a revision of the still current idea that there ought to be some deterministic substratum to any statistical description. On closer inspection this idea soon loses whatever superficial appeal it might have. As a matter of fact it is quite beside the point. The methods of statistics are autonomous; they are certainly compatible with the existence of a deterministic substratum, but such a substratum is irrelevant for the consistency of the statistical approach. In actual practice, moreover, the statistical analysis aims at aspects of the phenomena which a deterministic analysis (if it were possible) would not bring out. From the logical point of view the two types of analysis refer to complementary aspects of the phenomena. I mean by this that the relation between the statistical and the deterministic aspect has the formal structure of a relation of complementarity, even though its concrete content has of course nothing to do with the complementarity of the atomic processes we have discussed. Perhaps I might make this clearer by expressing it in a more picturesque way.

We may consider a gas enclosed in a container from the point of view of an ordinary human being or from the point of view of Maxwell's demon, who was supposed to see the single molecules of the gas and follow them in their motion. The only information of interest to the human being is the statistical information, such as the temperature and pressure of the gas. The detailed knowledge of the molecular motions, if it were accessible to us, would be perfectly useless. For the demon it is just the other way round: he is much concerned with the individual motions of the molecules, and the notions of temperature and pressure are meaningless to him.

The idea of the deterministic substratum is obviously tied up with the belief that the ultimate laws of nature cannot be of any other type than that of classical determinism. But has this belief ever been anything else than an ideal far transcending the scope of the laws whose deterministic character has actually been established? This belief has now suffered the fate of all unwarranted, metaphysical conceptions and with it the whole problem of the deterministic substratum disappears from the philosophy of statistics.

### The Metaphysical Thinker and the Scientist

Indeed, the whole development leading to the point of view of complementarity can be aptly described as a dialectical movement intent on surmounting a metaphysical contradiction. Perhaps I had better explain what I mean by this. The metaphysical attitude is the tendency to give an absolute validity to a certain idea: for instance, to claim that determinism, a particular form of the laws of classical physics, is the universal form in which all natural laws should be cast. This is not the attitude of the scientist. The fundamental operation of scientific analysis is to construct adequate concepts to describe phenomena, and the scientist is acutely aware that all such concepts, because they are idealisations, can have only a limited validity. This inherent limitation of any concept, as Spinoza observed, implies the negation of this concept, and thereby creates a contradiction. The metaphysical thinker, who forgets the mutual limitation of contradictory concepts, is under the illusion that their co-existence is an intolerable incongruity, and he vainly tries to get rid of one of the terms of the contradiction. The scientist, on the other hand, knows that both concepts, although mutually exclusive, are useful in their own spheres, and he retains them both in the form of a synthesis. This process, the development of a contradiction and its solution by synthesis, is the very life of science. It is a great pity for metaphysicians that they should condemn themselves to remain unaware of it. The idea of complementarity is a most beautiful example of such a synthesis, because its content is so rich. It solves the age-long conflict of matter and force and places in their right relation the contradictory conceptions of determinism and statistics.

When the growth of science achieves some new synthesis it always brings the scientific view of the world somehow nearer to life. Does it not strike you how much more realistic quantum theory is than classical physics? The ideal of determinism has certainly a stern beauty of its own and has been a great source of inspiration for the progress of science, but it is undeniable that the state of affairs it pictures has always been an idealisation very remote from actual experience. In real life, even in the most direct application of the laws of classical physics, our judgments are always to some extent statistical, and the growing importance of an autonomous statistical approach in all ways of human activity is one of the major trends of the modern world. It is a very striking fact indeed that the purely scientific analysis of atomic phenomena has vindicated this autonomy of statistical thinking and given it such fundamental significance.

Again, the old idea of phenomena entirely detached from observation reflects a contemplative attitude which is quite at variance with the deeper reality of human life. It is very good indeed that physicists, too, should have been reminded, in their own study of inanimate matter, of the old truth that we are not only spectators but actors in the drama of nature. The problem of how to describe consistently the observation of atomic phenomena has forced us to remember that the purpose of scientific concepts is to describe concrete operations and to communicate information about such operations. Unexpectedly, perhaps, the role of science as an essentially social activity has thus been brought nearer to our consciousness.

### Man's Relationship with Nature

This humanisation of physics is but one side of the vast movement which underlies the historical development of scientific thought. As our experience of nature deepens, the account we give of it embodies more and more features of that peculiar relationship in which we stand to nature, and, in this way, becomes more concrete. In another way, however, it becomes more abstract, as the ultimate objects of our enquiry recede farther from the direct evidence of observation. This is another aspect of modern physics, no less important than the first, and one we must take into account, if we want to get a balanced view of the whole.

In particular, it is under this formal aspect that we must consider quantum theory in order to convince ourselves that it possesses that most essential quality of all scientific description: objectivity. Some doubt arose about this point when it was first recognised how fundamentally the process of observation determines the character of atomic phenomena. Superficially it might, perhaps, look as if a subjective element had here found its way into science. But no description of phenomena can avoid some reference to the conditions of observation. In classical physics, the mathematical symbols that define some aspect of a phenomenon will have quite different values for different observers: the co-ordinates defining the position of a body, for instance, are relative to the observer's choice of his system of reference. Why, then, far from suspecting here any subjective feature, do we regard classical physics as a model of objective description? The reason is precisely this: the laws of classical physics are expressed by mathematical relations between symbols that represent the physical quantities; now, for two different observers, these symbols will have different values, but the relations between them will have the same form. It is this formal property of invariance (as it is called) that guarantees the objective validity of the laws in question. In this respect, the situation is just the same in quantum theory as in classical physics, so we may call both theories objective in exactly the same sense.

Some clear thinking is needed to place the notion of objectivity in true perspective. The objective character of a law of nature appears only as a property of its form; every concrete expression for such a law will always be relative to some observer. Thus, in quantum theory, we must include the conditions of observation in the very definition of the phenomenon; yet the form in which we express the relations between phenomena, including the relation of complementarity, enables us, so to speak, to occupy at will the standpoint of any observer. Nowhere, perhaps, does the synthetic power of dialectics more forcefully manifest itself than in this harmony between form and content which we have achieved in our survey of the world of atoms.—*Third Programme*

## Waiting for the Bus

She hung away her years, her eyes grew young,  
And filled the dress that filled the shop;  
Her figure softened into summer, though wind stung  
And rain would never stop.

A dreaming not worn out with knowing,  
A moment's absence from the watch, the weather.  
I threw the paper down, that carried no such story,  
But roared for what it could not have, perpetual health  
and liberty and glory.  
It whirled away, a lost bedraggled feather.

Then have we missed the bus? Or are we sure  
which way the wind is blowing?

D. J. ENRIGHT



# Mount Everest: Our Hopes for 1953

By Colonel JOHN HUNT, leader of the expedition

**T**HE British Mount Everest Expedition consists mainly of a party of mountaineers sponsored by the Royal Geographical Society and the Alpine Club. The climbing party of ten has been carefully chosen from the many experienced or promising mountaineers in this country and it includes two New Zealanders. We have also a doctor, who is himself a fine mountaineer, a physiologist, and a camera-man. Only two of us have not been to the Himalaya before.

Some people may wonder why we are going. The explanation may vary, at least in emphasis, with each one of us: but I suggest that the main reason is one which will be found in every sphere of human endeavour. It is the urge to find the answer to an unsolved problem. For the mountaineer, any unclimbed peak is an unsolved problem. It represents a challenge to his particular experience and skill. Everest, unclimbed and the biggest mountain of all, epitomises this urge. Let me dispose at once of any suggestion that, either individually or as a team, we are obsessed by a sense of competition, even though our attempt follows closely the efforts of the Swiss last year, and will, probably, in turn be followed, if we fail, by our French climbing friends. It is true that it would be nice to get there first, but the challenge is a fundamental one for us as a team and as individuals, regardless of any others. We want to solve this problem as a team: but it would be surprising if most of us did not harbour a secret desire to be the lucky one to get to the top himself.

Our hopes for success this year are founded to a large extent on the considerable sum of experience and knowledge provided by earlier expeditions; and the fact that we, the latest in the field, have this advantage over our predecessors of benefiting by the most recent lessons. The problem, in fact, has been exposed and all but solved.

Let me put our venture into its proper perspective by reminding you how this knowledge, which is in our possession, has been acquired. It is now over thirty years since an expedition was first sent to explore the mountain and investigate the possibilities of climbing it. Since that date, 1921, no less than ten expeditions have followed one another, seven of them with the definite mission of getting to the top. Three of these, the Swiss last year and British parties in 1924 and 1933, nearly succeeded. It is worth mentioning, as I do with a proper sense of pride, that all but two of these attempts have been British. The route which we are taking will be substantially the same as that traced during the reconnaissance led two years ago by Eric Shipton, and followed so nearly to its ultimate end by the Swiss.

These facts seem to me to be eloquent. They may help to explain where we stand and what remains to be done. They are a reminder that ours is no new venture, for we shall but be continuing a story which has already been written in

large part. Evidently, too, it is a venture in which British mountaineers have a cherished stake. We of the 1953 Everest expedition are very conscious of the debt which we owe to all those who have gone before us.

We are also restrained from any foolish optimism by the realisation that the goal still remains to be attained despite so many efforts by skilled men.

What is the problem which these previous expeditions have brought to light and which we are setting out to solve? In a narrow sense, it lies in the final keep of the citadel—the last 1,000 feet. On at least four occasions individuals or



Members of the 1953 British Everest expedition trying out equipment in North Wales



Two members of Eric Shipton's reconnaissance expedition of 1951 working on the final slope of the ice-fall on Mount Everest: this forms part of the route which will be taken by this year's expedition

Himalayan Committee of the Royal Geographical Society and Alpine Club, by whose courtesy our cover picture also is reproduced

parties have reached a height of over 28,000 feet, on both the northern and southern flanks of the mountain. Norton, alone, got there in 1924; it is at least possible that Mallory and Irvine reached as high or higher in the same year. In the expedition of 1933, Wager and Wyn Harris, and later Frank Smythe, also climbing alone, arrived at much the same point on the north face as Norton. Last year, Lambert and the Sherpa porter Tensing turned back, at about the same height on the southern side. Only the last 1,000 feet, then, remain untrdden. But to say this is to over-simplify the issue; I would like to discuss two factors which govern the problem and which have, separately and together, succeeded in keeping inviolate the final pyramid—the factors of altitude and weather.

The rarified air surrounding the higher part of Everest, or any other of the big peaks, obviously makes movement increasingly difficult; lack of oxygen likewise slows down and blurs the mental processes. Beyond a certain point, life itself is no longer possible. On the other hand it has been by now sufficiently proved that the ill effects of altitude on the climber may at least be retarded by a careful regimen of what we call acclimatisation. By this I mean a gradual getting used to increasing height over a considerable period of time. This is where all the earlier experience



becomes so useful to the latest expedition. It can now be said with confidence that the climber, following this policy of gradualness, can move and have his being up to and at a height of about 23,000 feet, and remain there, at any rate long enough for his purpose of climbing a high mountain.

But trouble begins above that, and this is one main reason why the biggest mountains—those over 26,000 feet—are in a different category of difficulty than any lesser ones. Once above that height, the policy of gradualness breaks down, for the muscle tissues begin to deteriorate, and the climber's strength, resistance to cold and so on, weaken. He tends to lose the promptings of appetite, thirst, and the relaxation of sleep. From about 23,000 feet, then, he needs to reverse the rate of his progress and try rush tactics. Rushing a Himalayan peak is really a very misleading term because, in fact, the attempt to do so, inevitable though it is, is really painfully slow. The climber is increasingly un-acclimatised to the height as he goes up; the effort of mind and strength required to continue becomes infinitely greater. If this is true of easy ground, it is the more so when difficulties arise, even minor ones which would not in any way deter even a moderate performer at a lower height. Ground, then, may become one of the straws which will break the camel's back. When you think that Everest is well over 29,000 feet, and that 6,000 feet have to be climbed above the established maximum height of successful acclimatisation, the problem will perhaps begin to be clear in part. Those 6,000 feet cannot possibly be climbed in one day, or even two, by a man using only his own powers; three camps will be necessary, and at least four days of climbing, in order to get back to the 23,000 foot level.

These camps represent tents, sleeping bags, mattresses, food, cooking equipment, climbing gear; all this must be carried up, and, because of the need to give even a modicum of comfort and protection against cold, the baggage is inevitably fairly heavy. If you make the would-be victors of Everest carry all their own loads, you will make their task even more impossible. They must be carried by others not destined to reach the top. In order to keep the size of the higher camps to a minimum, these baggage parties must be staggered in time; the loads must be lifted upwards over a period of days. The period is likely to be long, as the weight men can carry at high altitudes is so small—say twenty pounds above 25,000 feet. So you see how it is that climbing a big peak takes time, as much on account of the need to acclimatise gradually as because of the slowing down of the final assault as it tries, paradoxically enough, to force the pace towards the top. And it is at just this juncture that I propose to introduce that other, all-decisive and imponderable factor of weather.

### The All-Decisive Factor of Weather

The periods when weather conditions may be fair enough to permit a serious attempt on the summit of Everest are not only brief and few in any one year; they are rare as assessed over a number of years. Throughout the winter, from November to March, a fierce gale blows pretty constantly from the north-west. It is strong—seventy to eighty miles an hour would be a reasonable guess—and it is desperately cold. It scours the northern flanks of the Himalaya and deposits snow in an unstable, dangerous condition on the south-facing slopes: in fact it makes the climbing of a major peak impossible during all of this period. In the early summer—it may be late May or June, depending on the position along the range—a countering element comes up from the south-east in the form of the seasonal monsoon. This warm, damp wind from the Bay of Bengal deposits heavy snow on the higher flanks of the mountains. It continues throughout the summer, dying away towards the end of September. Some climbing may be done in the monsoon up to, perhaps, 23,000 feet, but it must be ruled out above this height. The chance to get up Everest is probably limited to the gap, or lull, between the end of the winter wind and the arrival of the monsoon; there may be a second opportunity when the monsoon fades out and before the north-west wind gets into its stride, but this remains to be proved. The break of which we hope to avail ourselves is the pre-monsoon one. From an analysis of past history, it may last as long as a week or perhaps ten days; it is equally possible that it may not come at all. Of our seven pre-war expeditions, only in 1924 did the weather and the snow conditions coincidentally favour the climbers.

From what I have said so far, you may perhaps be able to see the problem a little clearer, as it is set by these allied factors of height and weather. The height slows and wears down the climber; the consequent need to provide him with shelter, warmth, and food further spin out the period he requires to achieve his aim. The weather steps in to

shorten the essential period he needs, or it may refuse to oblige at all. Remember, too, that the climber himself, in his unacclimatised and weakened condition, is far more a prey to wind and weather than are you and I braving the elements on our Welsh or Scottish hills. It should be clear also why I said that the problem of Everest cannot be confined to those last 1,000 feet. The problem starts much lower down, from the time we shall first arrive in the area of the mountain and embark on a programme of preparation. But for the purpose of my argument, it is seated at this important elevation of 23,000 feet; the acclimatisation optimum.

### The Ides of May

The problem can be solved along certain lines which are by now, I expect, pretty well defined in your minds. The first essential is to be ready to seize the weather opportunity if and when it comes. It means that we must be in a position at about 23,000 feet, accustomed to that height, and ready to make our attempt on the summit from the time that seems, from the past, to be the earliest likely moment. We believe this to be May 15. By this time we must have completed the carrying up of our gear to the point from which the assault will be launched. The second essential is that we must have enough climbers, fit and ready, and enough equipment and provisions, to make full use of the whole of any fine period we may be lucky enough to have. Everest is a very serious undertaking and we cannot assume that it will fall to our first or even to our second onslaught. Of course, one can carry this too far. There can be no question of invading the mountain with hundreds of men followed by as many tons of baggage. But it would be sad to report that we had tried for the top and exhausted our strength while the chance was still there to make yet another effort.

The third essential is either to speed up the climbing of those last 6,000 feet, or in some way so to fortify the climber that he can continue to climb upwards at a slower speed, without deteriorating physically and without being too much at the mercy of the weather. Both alternatives can, at present at any rate, be achieved only artificially, that is by administering oxygen. Of the two, the first is far preferable. The second, apart from tempting providence as far as the weather is concerned, is apt to become a snowball: the longer the climber takes to get up, the more equipment and provisions he needs—and particularly oxygen.

I hope that I have given you enough of the essence of the problem of Everest to take you with me in imagination to the southern foot of the mountain as it rises from northern Nepal where we hope to arrive towards the end of March. There will probably be far too much snow on the mountain and the cold will be too great to justify our starting to climb it at that time. In any case you will remember that our first need is to get accustomed to altitude. So we intend to spend the first three weeks getting used to the height, getting fit, and getting used to our equipment; and, incidentally, getting used to each other on the route. Soon after the middle of April we should be ready to turn to Everest itself.

I said at the beginning that our hopes for 1953 are based largely on the benefit of previous experience which we enjoy. Let me finish by saying that we have other reasons to be hopeful—they rest in a modest confidence in our planning and preparations, in our porters and ourselves, in the excellence and sufficiency of our equipment; I would like here to pay tribute to all those many who have worked so selflessly to provide it. Our final hope is one for which there is really no foundation, but if we are not foolish optimists, we are certainly not pessimists. It is for the fortune of fine weather on which we so greatly depend for success.—*Home Service*

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The 1952 Reith Lectures by Arnold Toynbee, which appeared in *THE LISTENER* at the end of last year, have now been published by the Oxford University Press under the title *The World and the West* (price 7s. 6d.). Sir Cyril Burt has published his fascinating *L. T. Hobhouse Memorial Trust lecture on 'Contributions of Psychology to Social Problems'* with a list of references (Oxford, 5s.). Sir Cyril concludes that 'in this country social psychology has remained the backward child—the Cinderella (as the journalist would say) of the mental sciences'.

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Details of the organisation and functioning of the United Nations are attractively presented in a fully illustrated booklet entitled *Your United Nations*, published by the U.N. Department of Public Information and obtainable from H.M. Stationery Office, price 3s. 9d. *The Year Book of the United Nations 1951* is also available at H.M. Stationery Office, price £4 10s. 0d.



# An Adventure in Architecture

SIR WILLIAM HOLFORD on 'High Paddington'

THE Americans have a word for them: they call them High Rise apartments. And you can see them over there in all styles and sizes, from Tudor City, near the United Nations building in New York, to the new Lakeside Apartments in Chicago, lately designed by Mies van der Rohe, and looking like an architectural abstraction by Mondrian.

France has had a touch of High Rise also. Twenty years ago and more, Le Corbusier published his dream of *La Ville Radieuse*, showing a large area of the slums of Paris cleared and replanned with skyscraper offices and tall blocks of flats. And now he has just completed, at Marseilles, the first actual example of his *Unité d'Habitation*—a block that is deep and wide as well as high; standing free in an open landscape, with its own shops on its intermediate floors. So there, at least, shortage of land was not the only reason—or even the chief reason—that caused these dwellings to rise vertically instead of spreading horizontally. But in Britain, quite recently, land shortage has been 'more than a contributory cause of the appearance of high density housing, including 'point blocks' of eleven floors at Roehampton, cliff-like slabs in Holborn and Finsbury, and a single nine-floored tower, The Lawn, in the new town of Harlow. The constant exhortations of ministers to save agricultural land have in turn released the inhibitions of architects; and the more adventurous among them have produced designs which stress the third dimension.

Such a project is High Paddington. It is an idea, conveyed by words and drawings in a recently published book\* and by a model. It was conceived by Patrick Horsburgh and Sergei Kadleigh—two architects to whom we owe a vote of thanks, if for nothing more than shaking us out of our semi-detached complacency. The project shows that by covering some eighteen acres of the existing goods yard behind Paddington station with a great reinforced concrete slab, over 8,000 people could be housed in a series of apartment blocks 340 feet—or over thirty storeys—in height. Between the apartment blocks and the railways tracks is shown an intermediate layer, 100 feet thick, covering the entire site and proposed for use as goods depots, warehouses, and car parks, and at least one big department store. And it is suggested that commercial rents for this property would help to reduce the residential rents of the flats above and thus bring them within the rent-paying capacity of the average Paddington family. The cart, so to speak, is placed above the horse.

Besides being an idea, High Paddington is also a portent. Some people will not even begin to take it seriously. But, like other social portents, the serious things about it are the conditions under which it has come into being. I do not believe that sheer shortage of land is anything more than an economic justification added to a scheme that grew from other motives. Serious land reclamation could be carried out for a fraction of the cost of High Rise apartments. And as an example of simple arithmetical calculation, the 50,000,000 people of the British Isles could be housed in reasonably planned two-storeyed cottages

on an area equivalent to that of the county of Kent. This would leave the remaining ninety-eight per cent. of Britain's land area to agriculture and forestry, mountain and moor. Much more significant, surely, is the Utopian urge to reconstruct the core of the old metropolis, to bring order out of disorder, to counter sprawl by concentration, to create a symbol of efficiency—a Welfare City in a Welfare State. Architects have been projecting these ideal cities for centuries. They are the ideological landmarks of our urban civilisation. If anyone wants to recapture for himself this urge to knock down and build up again, he has only to spend a few hours walking round Paddington, or

equally Bethnal Green, or Woolwich, or Merseyside, or Manchester. He will not find much ground for complacency. Eight years after the end of the war, the rebuilding of the decayed and damaged centres of our towns calls out, impatiently, for attention.

The inventive architect, fearing that progress will be slow and piecemeal, so that a whole generation may pass away without even a glimpse of the New Jerusalem here on earth, tries to fire the public imagination with even bolder and more drastic forms of reconstruction. Add to this the desire to exploit to the utmost our technical resources. We now know it is possible to build 400 feet high on London clay. We can light and ventilate an enormous department store artificially, and without discomfort. We can operate high speed and automatic lifts. We can sound-proof rooms. We can save all kinds of household labour by means of electric machines. A modern movement, whatever its historical period, is partly made up of a natural desire for this kind of exercise and adventure: It is a stretching of the limbs, a

testing of powers, an ambition to

contribute something new to the old repertoires and recipes of building. Shock troops, airborne divisions, and test pilots, all have their architectural counterparts; and it is they who draw into their ranks the most adventurous spirits.

So far, so good. The High Rise cities have at least two justifications for their existence—at least on paper. They are demonstrations of technical resource: inventive, imaginative, and daring. And they are also symbols of reconstruction: a series of challenges to the schools of *laissez-faire* and make-do-and-mend.

The real test of value, however, is whether the adventure is going to end in discovery, or whether it is just a fling.

Progress is made in moving towards a worth-while objective, whether or not risks have to be taken on the way. And even in the somewhat sedentary adventures of building design and town planning, the same qualities of courage and imagination can manifest themselves both in short-sighted and long-sighted policies. In our designs for living during the past hundred years, once the effects of the industrial revolution and of population growth had been appreciated, it is fair to say that the long-sighted enterprises have made the greater and the more typical contribution to this country's development. It was on a long-term adventure that Ebenezer Howard embarked in the latter part of the



High Paddington, showing the possible disposition of a new Paddington Park. The canal and existing trees already provide some of the essential elements of an urban park.

By courtesy of 'The Architect and Building News'



nineteenth century. He was concerned with ends as well as means. Perhaps the means were not imaginative enough. At least they failed to hold the allegiance of the next generation of architects, even while they served as a formula for unenterprising housing authorities and the speculative builder. Yet the ends remained significant and noble, an objective worth striving for. The objective itself can be simply stated: it is to create a type of environment which, on the practical side, combines convenience, economy, and stimulation to the eye, and at the

to have established a main direction. The grouping of dwellings, both architecturally (which is fairly simple) and socially (which is far more difficult) began to be a generally realisable objective after the second world war, and to a certain extent because of it. This also was a reaction, this time a reaction from the formless housing estate, from segregation and strap-hanging, from jerry building and from ribbon development. New towns, municipal housing schemes, and county schools can all provide remarkable evidence of what can be achieved

by authorities building for the public and basing their layouts on some principles of design—for example, group development, and the organic neighbourhood.

I think these principles need formulating more clearly; some of them are not socially valid and all of them will have to face keen scrutiny on economic grounds. But at least they are long-sighted. We are not building slums. And it is fair to say that a hundred years from now some of the varied housing groups and neighbourhoods constructed since the war will be as valuable an asset in the housing accounts as they are today. Those that cater for the whole man, and for various conditions of men (and of families), have in them the seeds of a long life. As structures they will be better cared for, and as social investments they will retain their value.

What contribution do the High Rise projects make to this process of development? It seems that, except in certain situations and under

special safeguards, they may easily result in taking a step backwards instead of forwards. At the worst they may invert the process by which, in this country, at any rate, we are making our way towards a better environment for the 50,000,000, an environment that is more free for the individual and the family because it is simpler, more feasible economically, and—above all—more variable.

In High Paddington, for example, we have what is really the finite city of the Renaissance, with all its ingenuities brought up to date. Palmanova of the seventeenth-century Republic of Venice became quickly obsolete because it could not be accommodated to changes in military strategy. I believe that in this century High Paddington could not adapt itself to change—to social change nor to economic adjustment.

The risk would be that because of its size and complexity, and of the huge investment it would represent, it would remain ill-adapted but—occupied. High Paddington would be like a town composed entirely of railway carriages, for which no one could feel more than a passing interest and in whose future they would have no stake. The rate of obsolescence and the cost of maintenance would rise sharply. When novelty wears off and first-class maintenance standards fall, the



Le Corbusier's *Unité d'Habitation*, Marseilles

same time provides, on the psychological plane, for the maximum development of personality, both individual and social. It is easy to say that such a definition is loose, inexact, and, in some respects, self-contradictory. But I think most of us know well enough what we mean by a home, a community, and a city, in the best sense of those terms, to enable us to use them as a measure of the achievement of such projects as Stuyvesant Town in New York, the *Unité d'Habitation* in Marseilles, and High Paddington.

To begin with there is the interesting sequence of action and reaction. Action in the mid-nineteenth century consisted only too often in herding factory workers into high-density terrace housing, with no compensation for the loss of fields and country pleasures except, perhaps, a kind of rough urban solidarity. Occasionally, by heroic sacrifice and effort, these minimum houses did become genuine family homes. A few of the groups, with more stable conditions than the average, developed into real communities. And nearly all, by sheer conglomeration, grew into the size, if not the form, of cities. For the most part, however, the terms 'home', or 'community', or 'city', as applied to them, were simply a mockery. Against the back-to-back, and the tunnel-back houses, and the by-law street, the reformers protested and the tenants reacted. So, whenever housing came up above the poverty line, not only the householders themselves, but the builders and landlords also, set up a new ambition for the self-respecting family. That ambition was to own or lease a detached house, a semi-detached house, or a house with a garden—in that order of desirability.

A similar reaction made itself felt in the wider activity of town building; a reaction against monotony, standardisation and slums. More and more people wanted to escape the factory chimneys and the taint of trade. And some of the fantasies of the garden suburb, both in England and America, were nothing less than symbols of liberation. Standards of comfort improved at the same time; and so did all kinds of mechanical services. Not infrequently, since the turn of the century, the very types of housing from which the many were trying to escape were reintroduced or refurbished in fashionable localities for the benefit of the few. Town houses were still terrace houses; and tenements had almost the same space standards as 'luxury' flats.

Meanwhile, quite a large section of the ever-growing population had achieved at least a part of its ambitions: it had succeeded in building homes, even if these had seldom come together as real communities of cities. Progress, though it was following a zig-zag course, seemed



Stuyvesant Town, New York



project would have to rely on its basic qualities as housing. Fundamentally—although this comparison is a little simplified and sharpened—the towers of High Paddington would remain a series of by-law streets, 340 feet long, raised vertically in the air instead of being stretched along the ground. Which is more or less where the story started; but instead of back-to-back we should have top-to-bottom dwellings. If a real cross-section of Paddington residents were to occupy the flats—and it is as reconstruction that the scheme must be judged—there might be juxtaposition without neighbourliness. For the essence of the beehive habitation is the independence and impersonality of the individual cell, while social cohesion flourishes on interdependence. My own view is that the High Rise apartments would be extremely convenient and suitable for part of the population some of the time. They are an extension of the norm; and in the diffuse pattern of London they would be interesting and exciting. But I doubt if they would meet the needs of all kinds of Paddington families at any time; nor even of the exceptional family for the whole of its family life.

I have said nothing of peak-hour traffic, the metropolitan curse;

nor of finance; nor of the effect of high building on surrounding land. These are all problems that we have to face, and many of them have been faced successfully in Le Corbusier's experiment at Marseilles, and in other places. High Paddington, also, seems to me to have experimental value; and it is certainly acting as a stimulus to thinking about the urban scene. Personally I find a great deal to think about in the idea sketched out by Kadleigh and Horsburgh in this book. Yet, viewed in the perspective of the housing movement of the last hundred years, the very direction of their thought seems to me to be out of line. In spite of its energetic qualities, its proportions are monstrous rather than heroic. It shares with Stuyvesant Town in New York the defects of its scale. What should be a single point of concentration, for special use, in a free and open pattern, has been enlarged into a mass with a monotonously high density, and placed in a setting which cannot give it relief of any kind.

In this way it seems to me to lose the aesthetic value of contrast, and the social value of putting the exceptional use into the exceptional building, so that ordinary dwellings would fall into patterns of much simpler form and much greater variety.—*Third Programme*

## Myth and Faith—II

# Some Implications of Demythologising

By R. GREGOR SMITH

I WANT here to try to paint in the background to what Rudolf Bultmann was saying last week on the subject of demythologising\*, and also to try to make some necessary distinctions. Without attempting to summarise either his famous essay or the talk which he has given, I must say one or two things about them. First, Bultmann insists all along that to demythologise the Bible does *not* mean to eliminate the mythology, or to try to find a kind of hard core of irreducible fact, of so-called 'crude history', as though the mythology were a kind of shell which must be taken off before you can get at the nut itself. But to demythologise means to interpret the mythology. And to interpret, according to Bultmann, does not mean simply to de-code the Bible records, so that after your interpretation has been established the Bible can be laid aside, or filed in the archives of ancient history. But Bultmann is thinking of the sort of living interchange which goes on between the interpreter and his material in such a way that the material can never be laid aside.

Another preliminary point which came out in Professor Bultmann's talk, and which seems to me to be very important, is that he and his critics are alike concerned with what seems to them to be a fact: namely, that the Bible is largely incomprehensible to modern people, and is therefore a matter of scorn or indifference. People think either that the Bible does not matter, or that it is silly and out of date. Bultmann's point here is that it looks like that because it is written mainly in terms of an out-of-date mythology, a mixture, namely, of first-century Judaist apocalyptic and gnosticism. So let us recognise Bultmann for what he is, at heart and in principle an evangelist. He wants to preach the Gospel, not as an optional extra for scholars, and not as an anachronism, but as the live centre and heart of reality. He is, in fact, an evangelist looking for a language.

The background to all this, against which you may see both the extraordinary importance of what Bultmann is trying to say and the magnitude of the task to which he is calling both Christian believers and all those concerned with the substance of our civilisation, seems to me to be one main presupposition, and it is this: that modern people live and think in a world conditioned and characterised not by mythological thinking but by what is loosely called scientific thought. It is the Greek mode of facing the powers of the universe which has now been definitely established as the only possible one. Whatever the variations of scientific thought, and the errors and subsequent corrections which have to be made, in principle the issue which was opened up by the Greeks of the classical age, followed up by western thought at the Renaissance, and established in the west in the last few hundred years, has now been settled. In techniques, in medicine, in politics, in economics—in fact, in the whole range of structures and experiences which compose the fabric of human society—man no longer sees himself as confronted by transcendental powers which can intervene directly in his affairs; he

does not see demons at work in an epileptic, or an act of God in a war or a trade depression. But, rather, he sees his world as an intricate web of forces which can be handled and dealt with by means of certain semi-autonomous scientific techniques. The techniques, of course, are relative, and none of them is final. But the method itself does not change.

I think that it is misleading to attempt to contradict this manifest truth by suggesting that modern man does in fact have his mythologies, to point to examples of what is on the whole a sinister development in modern life: the recourse to a kind of man-made myth—the myth of race, of blood and soil, for instance, which you found among the Nazis; or the myth of a utopia, a man-made classless society, which is the Marxist debasement of the Christian myth of the Kingdom of God; or even the transient and pathetic myths which cluster round the life of a semi-legendary film star or football star. These activities really do not show more than that a man, if he does not believe in something outside himself, something really transcendent, will make some kind of *ersatz* belief: he will substitute for the reality outside himself that kind of imitation of reality which he can manage to concoct. But this has no resemblance to the kind of reality with which the Bible is concerned: the reality of the transcendent God doing and saying things to His creatures by means of certain historical deeds.

Let us pause here and try to make a definition. The mythological, as Bultmann understands it, is not just any constellation of archetypal images, nor just a metaphorical expression of an experience, and not even a symbolic statement of a relationship. It may contain all of these elements, archetypes (such as the Mother and Child), or metaphors or analogical terms (such as 'God is Father'), or symbols (such as the statement that Jesus is the Second Person of the Trinity). But the decisive point of the Bible mythology is that it tries to express transcendent realities in terms of this world. And these transcendent realities are given to us in historical happenings which have, or claim to have, such an immediate bearing on our lives that they ask, not for our qualified acceptance, our observation or appreciation of them; but they make the harsh and unequivocal demand for our decision about their truth. They speak to us and ask to be accepted into our very being. They claim to be revelation—that is, the utterance and the action of the otherwise unknowable transcendent Reality whom in another symbol we call God. And the response they ask for is the kind of self-committal which Christians call a decision of faith. The purpose of Bible mythology is to point through to this reality, this demand of transcendence, which is a reality of history, making its claim upon people living here and now in history. On Bultmann's view the Bible mythology no longer succeeds in doing this for modern man.

If this is so, it is important to ask whether Bultmann is trying to say anything different from any theologian who tries to re-interpret for his own day the dogmatic utterances of Christianity. Is he not just



saying that the Bible has to be put in the language of the day? If you contrast his work with that of orthodox theologians I think you will see a real difference. The orthodox theologian accepts in principle the biblical mode of thinking. His aim is to formulate and make vivid, and, so far as his limitations, imposed upon him by the Bible terminology, allow him, to modernise the teachings of the Bible—always, that is, within the mythological thought-forms of the Bible. The Church, with its splendid tradition of dogma and liturgy, is the firm background to this kind of effort. And undoubtedly there is in the life of the Church an enormous reservoir of mythological appreciation. I do not think Bultmann quite does justice to this dogmatic and cultic tradition, where there is a constant interchange between the life of the believing worshipper and the mythological forms, which have been preserved almost unaltered and indeed, in many cases, deepened through all the changes of civilisation. When you draw your theological weapons, as the orthodox theologians do, from this vast arsenal, you are tempted to think that the battle is won because your armaments are so huge.

This orthodox position undoubtedly has enormous strength. And it is a perfectly understandable thing for the critics of Bultmann just to dig in their heels and say that mythological forms are the proper, and in fact the only possible, vehicle of religious experience. If they were right then they would also be right in charging Bultmann with just liberalising the Gospel once more; for on their presupposition any radical interpretation of the mythology means a destruction of the reality. Then Bultmann could simply be bracketed with Harnack and the idealists, or with Troeltsch and the religio-historical school, as one who is accommodating the Gospel to a passing fashion of scepticism.

### Theological Diehards

But let us look at this point a little closer. Granted that the offence and the mystery of the Gospel are embedded in mythological forms in the Bible, what has actually happened in the course of history is that scientific and rational thought has illuminated bit by bit areas of life that before then were shrouded in darkness, and from these areas both the offence and the mystery have been removed. But if you insist that the truth and reality of the Gospel and of God depend on that kind of mystery and are to be encountered in that kind of darkness, then as science advances you will be hard driven. And the God whom you place in such a mystery will also be hard driven. He will be chivied from pillar to post; He will be driven into this or that corner of our darkness or our nescience, until the time comes when He is winkled out again and forced to be on the run once more. Of course in this way it is possible for a rear-guard action to be fought for a time, perhaps for generations, perhaps even till the end of this particular civilisation, on behalf of what this kind of theological diehard considers to be the Lord God.

I cannot think that we pay honour to Him in this way. The real God does not reside in the interstices left by science. He is not to be found on the sandbank of diminishing mystery. He does not lurk in that kind of mystery at all. The medieval *via negativa* was a highly rational instrument by means of which men did try to enter the nature of the mystery which surrounds God's transcendence. And though the mythological thought-world does contain an element of rational thought, it seems to me to be a mere illusion if you think that the whole field of religious thought and experience can simply be fenced off in this way and closed to trespassers. I should go further, and say that this kind of effort partakes of idol-worship. But the nature of God in the Christian revelation is not like that: He cannot be owned like an idol: He is transcendent and free. Nothing much can be done with this kind of Being. In truth, nothing at all can be done with Him. He is the Doer, as He is the truth and reality of all being.

Bultmann's aim, as I see it, is to express this truth and reality as something which does meet our existence, in such a way that our existence is never the same again. This truth and reality are no more bound to first-century mythology than they are to nineteenth-century liberalism or twentieth-century existentialism. They are the truth and reality of the sovereign and free Lord of history. The historical deeds which He has performed in the life of Israel, of Jesus of Nazareth, and of His Church, are not tied to the views of the world in which they are expressed in the Bible or in the traditions of the Church. This Gospel is historical, and at the same time it is an existential claim upon men. And Bultmann does believe that he can preserve a real content for this Gospel, when he takes seriously this question: How can the historical events of Christ's life and death really mean anything for my eternal welfare today? It is the question which haunted Kierke-

gaard, that great source of all existentialist thinking, and it is the question which no one should want to evade.

As a good New Testament scholar, Bultmann attempts to answer the question by looking at the New Testament records. There he finds explicit statements about man's life; about man's life without Christ, and man's life with Christ. Life without Christ is a life of care or carelessness; it is at the mercy of hostile forces, and seeks security, that is, through what Paul calls 'confidence in the flesh'. But this security passes away, in the midst of hatred, strife, and envy. In the life with Christ, on the other hand, a man has confidence not in the flesh, but in the grace of God, in what is 'invisible, unknown, outside his control, meeting him as love, and meaning life not death'. A man's sins are forgiven by this grace; that is, he is freed from his past and made open to the future. The Christian man enters on a new history, with a new future, what Bultmann calls an eschatological life. In this new life the centre is the Word, both the narration of the story of the historical Word, namely Jesus, and the response of faith to this narration. So Bultmann's answer to the question about how we may get in touch with the reality of the Bible events is that they get in touch with us: the decisive historical relation is made for our present life. Christ becomes our contemporary. So man's predicament, his knowledge of his lostness and his desire to be put right, is existentially met and solved by this mystery of inbreaking transcendence.

Neither love nor grace nor sin nor forgiveness is capable of being demythologised. They cannot be taken up into the scientific world, nor can they be interpreted in terms of anything outside their own impact on your life. But the heart and centre of this impact is the life of Jesus; for He is the way made by God for the transition from unreal to real existence. What is mythological in the accounts of the life of Jesus, and what is not? Did the miracles really happen? Was the tomb really empty? There is a host of questions still to answer. One only, and that the most difficult of all, I shall try to speak about for a few minutes: the Resurrection. On Bultmann's view the historical event of the Resurrection is not directly accessible. The New Testament records do not directly describe it. What is described is the response of the disciples. In other words, what emerges from the New Testament records is no bare account of something that in itself would be able to carry the whole evidential weight of the Christian faith; but what emerges is a total impact of the power of God upon the world as that power is concentrated in a special way in the person of Jesus. That impact is not just the influence of an idea or a timeless truth upon the history of the human mind; but the undeniably historical figure of Jesus of Nazareth is raised to the power of what Bultmann calls an eschatological event. By this he means that Jesus is exalted to be Lord; the same Jesus who lived and suffered and died for the sins of the world is now revealed as Lord of the universe. God's purpose with the world has been re-established by an action which carries the full weight of historicity and is at the same time more than history in the sense of crude naked fact. It is eschatological history, that is, history which sums up history.

### The Cardinal Point of the Resurrection

Do you still ask, Was the tomb really empty? Did Christ really come back from the dead? I can only say now that the questions in these forms must be addressed to those who still affirm that the questions about the simple historicity of the angels in the Garden, or the appearances during the forty days, or the Ascension itself, are all capable of being answered by a blunt yes. For myself, I cannot see that these are cardinal questions. The cardinal point is that the Resurrection is not a separate or separable historical moment; something did happen then—that is the point of the mythological accounts. But that something can only be encountered in a faith which comprehends the whole sequence of historical events. And these events are eschatological; that is, they impinge upon us now. They are a reality calling for a decision. They are in the realm of existence, not of ideas. And they are in man's existence, not just in a kind of generalised cosmology. The history in the New Testament has plainly to do with men's lives, with living, suffering, bewildered men. Since that time man's world has undergone the Copernican revolution, and he is out in the void. What Bultmann is trying to do is to show that we can, we must, penetrate the complicated and outmoded language of the Bible to the historical and eschatological reality of God's action; and we will find that we can meet that reality, because it is historical, and not just a dream, and is eschatological, and not just a memory, as it rises out of that history and strikes in judgment and love into our present life.



## Christian Stocktaking—III

## Problems of Education

By the Rt. Rev. F. A. COCKIN, Bishop of Bristol

**I** TURN in this talk from commerce and industry to education, and I do that, I confess, with a certain feeling of relief, since I can claim that education is a sphere with which I have some small first-hand acquaintance. Like commerce and industry it is obviously a matter which touches closely the interests of the great majority of ordinary people. As parents, they are clearly concerned with what is being done for their children in preparing them to earn a living and, which matters more, to face life. As citizens, they are equally concerned with this same process, not only as it affects the individual character and outlook of those who come under its influence, but as in wider and less easily observable ways it sets the standards and shapes the pattern for the whole life of society.

Consider for a moment two or three leading questions. Do we know what we mean when we speak of a Christian education? Is that something which as a nation, we really want? If we do, how do we set about attaining it? And has the Church a special responsibility for giving a lead in this? One thing, at least, is certain. Historically speaking there can be no question that within Christendom, and beyond, the Church has regarded education as a field in which it has such a responsibility. Any study of the growth of educational institutions in Europe, and within the last century in Asia and Africa, makes it abundantly clear that the Christian conscience has felt a special obligation to foster in many different ways the provision of educational opportunity both for children and for adults. The latest news from China makes it equally clear that there are forces at work in the world which are determined that the opportunity for such Christian influence in education shall be no longer available.

## ‘The Truth Shall Make You Free’

Beyond all question the Church has been right in its insistence on its duty to care profoundly about education. In so doing it has simply been expressing something which lies at the heart of its Founder's teaching. ‘You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free’. It is the making of free men, free from ignorance and superstition and fear, that is the true aim of education. In that it is at one with the Gospel. But when we come to examine the way in which the Church's concern for education expresses itself in practice, we find some cause for anxiety and searching of heart. Indeed it is not too much to say that much of the Church's educational outlook at the present time would appear to illustrate only too clearly those tendencies which I noted in my talk last week, the tendencies to introversion and conservatism.

Take the evidence supplied by the press, secular or religious. It would be easy to get the impression that the only points in which the Church is really interested are the questions of maintaining its ownership and control of the schools which it has established in the past, and of the exact nature of the religious teaching which is to be given in them, and in other schools responsibility for which may have to be shared with the state. No one with any knowledge of past history, or with an understanding of the meaning of Christian education, would deny the value of the contribution which the Church has made in the past through building and maintaining schools, or indeed the importance of the principle for which it is standing in its present struggle to maintain them. But it must be asked whether in concentrating so much upon the preservation of its influence in the form in which it has existed in the past, and—perhaps only half consciously—in trying to maintain a position of authority and control, the Church is not losing sight of even more vital issues with which the Christian conscience is confronted in a radically changed situation. What matters is not really so much who owns the schools as what happens in them: and the Church's real task is to understand what a Christian education means, and then to put every ounce of its strength into the work of seeing that that is the education which is being given in all schools.

There are, I think, two main points at which what may not unfairly be called the typical attitude of churchmen needs to be rigorously examined. The first concerns the range, the extent, of the Church's

interest in education. Broad and large over the past 100 years the Church has concentrated its attention on what happens at the lower end of the age range, and has neglected what happens at the higher. The devoted service rendered in what used to be called elementary schools, and the pioneer work done in the training of teachers for work in them have been beyond all praise. But it is a sad fact that comparatively little has been done to keep pace with the immense expansion of higher education in secondary schools, technical colleges, and the modern universities. It is easy enough to repeat the familiar Roman Catholic *diché* about the vital importance of the early years of a child's education. It is exceedingly doubtful whether the facts, as they show themselves clearly enough in the later stages of education, would support it.

## The Church's Influence at the Higher Levels

The main aim of recent educational reform has been to make the higher levels of education in secondary school and technical college and university available to the maximum number of those capable of profiting by them. This means that what happens at these higher levels is leaving its mark upon an ever-widening circle of boys and girls who are going on to take positions of responsibility and leadership in every sphere of public life. And the question immediately presents itself: is the Christian influence being maintained at those higher levels in terms appropriate to the stages of mental development which they represent? We have our R.K. and our act of worship in the primary school in a form which is specially designed for children of that age. Are we equally concerned to see that that teaching and worship are continued in the more mature form which is needed to meet the demands of minds which are beginning to develop on more critical lines?

The answer is far from reassuring. It is true that in many of our grammar schools and in some at least of our secondary moderns, work of quite first-class quality is being done. No praise is too high for the efforts of those who have been doing experimental work in these spheres: but there is still need for far more men and women, trained, competent, and willing to carry this further. When we look at the technical schools it can not unfairly be said that we have hardly begun; and there is need for a great deal more hard thinking on the part of those who are responsible for the Church's concern with education as to how religious teaching can be given in a form which makes it a natural and effective supplement to what is mainly a training in applied science.

But it is when we turn to the university level—particularly, of course, the modern universities—that the failure of the Church to face up to its responsibilities becomes clearest. The position is better than it was. Within the past twenty years or so there has been considerable relaxation of the ban which, in their fear of the lamentable consequences of denominational strife, the authorities had originally imposed upon any religious teaching or influence inside their institutions. In a number of cases now there is a Faculty of Theology, and through its influence courses of lectures on the Christian faith are available for any students who care to attend them. Throughout the whole period the Student Christian Movement has done magnificent work in all kinds of unofficial ways, supplemented more recently by denominational chaplains.

But the real trouble lies deeper. Christian teaching and belief occupy a sadly isolated position within the total life and work of the university. It is not now so much a question of a small garrison holding a defensive position in hostile territory, as of a small colony of settlers living in a foreign country. Neither side has taken the trouble to learn each other's language: there is almost no means of communication: and the little colony goes about its business which scarcely seems to impinge at all upon the life of the country.

What this really means is that while there are numbers of individuals alike among lecturers and students who, as they themselves not infrequently put it, ‘happen to be Christians’, the Christian faith, the Christian philosophy of human life, is not integrated in any effective and fruitful way with all the other studies, historical, literary, and

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# NEWS DIARY

February 4-10

## Wednesday, February 4

Death roll in Dutch floods rises to over 1,200

Nearly 240,000 houses and flats reported to have been completed in Britain in 1952

Chocolates and sweets rationing ended

## Thursday, February 5

House of Commons debates Far Eastern affairs

Scheme for federation of Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland published as White Paper

Fresh breaks reported in Dutch dykes

## Friday, February 6

President Eisenhower ends all wage controls in the United States

Anglo-Egyptian talks in the Sudan are resumed in Cairo

Home Secretary tells Commons that half the breaches in the east coast flood defences have been closed

## Saturday, February 7

A joint *communiqué* is published about the diplomatic discussions between Yugoslavia and Greece

Japan asks the United States to return Okinawa and other Pacific Islands

Week-end work continues on the sea defences of the east coast

## Sunday, February 8

A British farm manager is murdered in Kenya

A day of prayer and commemoration for victims of floods is held in the Netherlands

Mr. Dulles ends his tour of Europe

## Monday, February 9

Mr. Dulles reports to President Eisenhower about his European tour

Conversations open in Paris between the French Government and the Saar Administration

British Railways introduce cheap fares to Scotland

## Tuesday, February 10

European common market opens for coal and iron ore under Schuman Plan treaty

Republicans plan to allow more imports to enter United States

House of Lords discusses American policy towards China



Work has been continuing day and night throughout the week in an effort to repair the most serious breaches in the sea defences of the east coast before the next spring tides which are due at the week-end. In this photograph Cambridge undergraduates are seen helping to sandbag the torn banks of the River Ouse near King's Lynn, Norfolk



One of the nine British naval helicopters that are assisting rescue operations in the Dutch floods, touching down on landing ground marked out by white cloths on the island of Schouwen Duiveland last weekend. Sunday was observed a day of national mourning. By February 10 the death roll had risen to 1,370 (see also page 245)





Mr. John Foster Dulles, new American Secretary of State (left), and Mr. Harold Stassen, U.S. Director of Mutual Security (centre), have been making a fact-finding tour of western Europe. They are seen with Mr. Churchill at 10 Downing Street, where they lunched with the Prime Minister on February 4 during their two-day visit to London.



President Eisenhower delivering his first State of the Union Message before a joint session of the United States Congress in Washington on February 2. In his speech he announced that he had ordered the United States Navy to stop protecting Communist China from the possibility of attack by Nationalist forces on Formosa.



An exhibition of treasures from Westminster Abbey is on view at St. James's Palace until March 28, in aid of the Abbey Restoration Fund. These small sixteenth-century statues (St. Margaret, St. Wilgeforte, St. Elizabeth, and St. Dorothy) are from Henry VII's Chapel.



Mr. James Woodford, R.A., at work on the Lion of England—one of the ten 'Queen's Beasts' which will guard the royal entrance to the annexe of Westminster Abbey at the Coronation.



Mr. W. G. Siggers with his Great Dane, Ch. Elch Edder of Ouborough, adjudged the supreme champion of this year's Cruft's Show at Olympia on Saturday.



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scientific. To put it bluntly: the question whether belief in God is or ought to be a factor which must be taken into account in any study which claims to explain the universe, and human life within it, is just not raised. If it is, it is regarded as either a meaningless or a slightly improper question.

Here is a field which cries aloud to be occupied by the best forces which the Church can bring to bear. And, indeed, the opportunity is far more open than it has been at any time for the past 100 years. For the old dogmatic certainties of materialism and scepticism have themselves been undermined, and men are far more ready to consider a spiritual interpretation of life as a serious option.

That is one problem; the second is this: even within the field of education in which the Church still has some appreciable sphere of influence—the teaching of religion in schools, both primary and secondary—it is doubtful whether many who speak in the name of the Church really appreciate the full character of the problem with which they are confronted. I hope that nobody will misunderstand what I am going to say. I believe that our real weakness is that we have relied too much upon Bible teaching as an end in itself. We have assumed that if children and young people knew the Bible story they would be able to translate that into a personal faith which would enable them to answer the questions and meet the situations with which life confronts them. The result has not been very satisfactory. Because they have not been helped to see how the faith of the Bible, what the Bible says about God and man, gears into their own life and its needs, they go out into the world lacking the one essential thing. And, incidentally, they go out without any very great interest in the Bible. We have not laid a foundation of intelligent understanding of the teaching of Jesus,

still less of the faith which alone makes that teaching anything more than idealistic utopianism, on which the boy and girl can build their own structure of an adult apprehension of Christian truth which will not be completely at a loss when confronted with Third Programme physics or Marxist economics. In a word, we have been, and still are, far too easily content with a very limited and a very traditional view of what religious education means.

I said that I had chosen education as my subject because it was one which touched closely the interest of most of our people, whether as parents or as citizens. It may well seem that much of what I have said in the development of my theme has been far enough away from the concern or the responsibility of the average home. But has it? Our schools are often criticised for failing to produce the kind of boys and girls whom this country needs as citizens. They are equally criticised for failing to produce believing Christians. But who is really to blame?

In the end of the day the responsibility comes back upon parents. And I would like to put this issue to them as squarely as I can. Do you want to see your children grow up into men and women who unmistakably possess and exhibit qualities of Christian character? Do you make it plain to those who teach them—at every stage—that that is one of your chief concerns? You go and discuss with them perhaps the job your boy or girl is going to get, the profession for which they should train. You may show an interest in the school medical service, or the meals, or the possibility of extra coaching in a weak subject. Do you make it plain that you care at least as much about the training which they are getting in Christian faith and life? Do you discuss that with those who are teaching them? And what are you doing about it yourselves? It is said that a nation gets the government it deserves. Perhaps the same is true in education.—*West of England Home Service*

## Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

### Can the Christian Creeds Be Defended?

Sir,—There is nothing specifically 'Christian' about the 'simple creed' suggested by 'ordinary housewife', E. Simmons. But if she wishes to call herself Christian she is of course at liberty to do so.

She is, however, under some misapprehensions about our 'national' Church when she says 'to which we all contribute financially'. This common error has been exposed over and over again in and out of Parliament. It is a fact that the Church of England receives no state aid or financial contribution whatsoever, except for such services (e.g., Services, prison, or hospital chaplains) which it renders directly to the state. It is 'national' because it existed long before England was a nation: 'established' because our Parliament recognises this position legally. There is no law nationalising or establishing the Church. It is a voluntary association maintained by the gifts of its members past and present.

Secondly, the Church of England throws open all its ordinary services of worship and preaching to everybody without distinction, whether of 'little faith' or of no faith. No one of those who attend such services is obliged to repeat the Apostles' Creed if he cannot do so sincerely. For its sacramental services and for full membership the Church of England has its rules and conditions, like every other association. These are summarised in the baptismal creed, called the Apostles' Creed. This creed sets down in summary form easily remembered the essential facts of the Christian faith as plainly stated in the Holy Scriptures, which are avowedly the Church's final standard of faith and practice. It is surely reasonable that those who wish to become members should accept these conditions. But no one is obliged to become a member if he cannot sincerely accept the conditions.

If, as appears to be the case, some of the ordained ministers now repudiate these facts, it

should be remembered that before receiving ordination or preferment they were obliged to profess publicly and *ex animo* that they believed the doctrine of the Church of England to be agreeable to the Word of God. It is a puzzle to many honest people how they manage to continue in office when openly repudiating the conditions of their ordination. However this may be, the attitude of such does not authorise the 'dignitaries of the Church' to repudiate or modify the basic doctrines of the Church to please or attract those of 'little faith' or 'no faith'. But they are always ready to meet them and to help them to a fuller knowledge of 'the faith once for all delivered to the saints'.

Yours, etc.,

H. C. BURROUGH,  
Hon. Curate of Christ Church, Clifton

Sir,—I think a great many people would agree with R. H. Thouless that the human being is not equipped with the spiritual organs necessary to understand the nature of the Godhead and that it is a form of intellectual inflation that attempts to express our probings into what can only be a mystery. If humility is the primary and basic virtue and teacher, we should surely accept the Godhead as a mystery.

On the other hand, some of us feel that a most unnecessary mystery has been made of the Son of God who was sent to show in what way we are all made in God's image. 'Born of the Virgin Mary' means to most people that Jesus was some sort of hybrid being, neither quite God nor quite man. But was he? If Joseph was not his father why is Jesus called the Son of David, and Joseph's genealogy traced back to David?

Furthermore, I believe it is a fact that in the days of Christ and several centuries to follow, the word meaning virgin today meant 'one dedicated to a life unto herself', and that in this sense the pagan gods had virgins in their temples

used by the priests to supply the priesthood with candidates. Esther Harding of America has written an interesting book dealing with this subject, *Woman's Mysteries*.

Possibly a cause for the spinelessness of Christian democracy as compared with the fervency of the Communist faith lies in the present emasculated view of a Jesus who is neither a human pattern and hope, nor an all-powerful God and leader. Either Christ was human and tempted as we are or he is not a true example for us. May it not be possible that he came to show us that the human body is good, and not just merely a thing full of 'carnal desires' antagonistic to the spirit? Surely he proved, if anyone did, that body and spirit can be an integrated whole, 'one' and a true image of God.—Yours, etc.,

T. F. T.

Sir,—The courageous talk given by Mr. R. H. Thouless will arouse widespread interest. It is pertinent to remember that the Church of England has two sets of values, the mystic and the ethical. The creeds were formulated by mystics for people who were largely accustomed to think in terms of mysticism. This is far from being the case in these islands today. If a count could be taken of all those who profess and call themselves Christians, divided into mystics and non-mystics, it is safe to say that the latter would far outnumber the former.

Consider the case of a non-mystic. He has been born and brought up in the Church of England. He is attracted by the grace and dignity of the liturgy, and would not willingly alter a word, even though much of it is couched in language which he finds it difficult to understand. It is enough that it is rooted in antiquity, which is to him an evidence of its value. Such words of the Athanasian Creed as he can understand strike him as fierce and uncompromising.



'And they that have done good shall go into life everlasting, and they that have done evil into everlasting fire. This is the Catholic faith, which except a man believe, faithfully he cannot be saved'. Yet his allegiance to the Church is such that he will cheerfully recite these words when occasion arises, and remain undaunted. He realises that there are many with minds more attuned to mysticism than his own, to whom these values are of vital importance, and he is quite content that it should be so as long as they leave him the one thing that matters in his estimation.

For the hard core of his religion is the high standard of ethical values which the Church lays down. Here at least is something that he can understand. There is no danger of it becoming 'outworn', and any shackles that attach to it he is proud to wear, and endeavours to impose them upon his children.

There is undoubtedly a case for those who would seek to restate the creeds in simpler language, but those who have the courage to undertake the task must beware of the danger of throwing away the baby with the bath water.

Yours, etc.,

Northam

J. I. HARDING

### Christian Stocktaking

Sir,—The Bishop of Bristol errs more than somewhat when he says that the religious press deals only with the domestic affairs of the Church. I assure him that there are several Christian journals, Catholic and Protestant, that take their public responsibilities very seriously. They are the *Church of England Newspaper*, *The Tablet*, *The Universe*, *Catholic Herald* and the *British Weekly*. In some of these journals the Bishop of Bristol will even find ecclesiastics being plastered for their failure to get their eyes on the target.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.2

SHAUN HERRON,  
Editor, *The British Weekly*

### Revised Standard Version of the Bible

Sir,—I am not qualified to criticise the text of the Revised Standard Version of the Bible, except perhaps to ask whether anything is really gained, in accuracy or in clarity, for those who argue for a 'modern' translation, by substituting 'Is it well with the young man Absalom?' for 'Is the young man Absalom safe?' But I should like to raise a point concerning the translation of Isaiah xl, 2. My grandfather used to recall having heard a well-known Jewish Christian say, in connection with this passage, that it was a custom with the Jews, when a debt was paid, for the creditor to take the sheet on which the account had been made out, fold it double, and give it to his former debtor, who would take it home and nail it to the doorpost of his house as evidence to all that he had paid his debt. The closed account, thus folded, was known, he said, as 'the double', and he maintained that the translation here should in fact read 'cry to her . . . that she has received from the Lord's hand the double for all her sins'. (Cf. also '(?) the double' and 'the double' in Isaiah lxi, 7.) This would seem to be rather more consistent with the rest of the context than does the translation of the passage in the A.V. and R.S.V., though it entirely reverses the meaning. It would be interesting to have the comment of some Hebrew scholar and authority on Jewish custom upon this point.—Yours, etc.,

Berwick-upon-Tweed

DAVID SMITH

### Causality in Modern Physics

Sir,—I heartily agree with Mr. D. J. Crawley that it is the merest moonshine to assert that a cause exists if Hume's analysis of the concept of causality is correct. But Hume's analysis is not

correct, as a little concentrated thinking will reveal. Hume asserts that causality consists merely in invariable succession. This is obviously not so. Day invariably succeeds night but nobody in their senses would say that the night is the cause of the day. In my office the movement of the hands of the clock to 5.15 p.m. is invariably succeeded by the clatter of feet of people going home, but nobody would say that the cause of the people going home is the position of the hands of the clock. Causality obviously implies something more than invariable succession. The true concept of causality can be stated thus: 'Whatever begins to exist has a cause of existence', and 'cause' can be defined as 'that from which a being has its existence'. The problem may accordingly be reduced to the question—does the idea of a beginning of existence contain the idea of a 'cause'? Hume replied negatively, and that is where he went wrong.

Beginning of existence means 'coming into existence'. 'Coming' evidently implies transition from an antecedent to a consequent as in the coming of an object from A to B. So the concept of coming into existence is found to contain three elements, namely, antecedent, consequent and transition. Hume erred by omitting from his analysis the element of transition which reduced the concept to that of a 'stationary coming'. This violates the principle of contradiction. A coming into existence necessarily implies transition from an antecedent, not mere succession after it. Further, since the very existence of the consequent comes from the antecedent the antecedent must be conceived as that from which the new being has its existence. This concept of the antecedent is clearly identical with the commonly held notion of a cause.

To repeat, 'whatever begins to exist has a cause of existence', therefore, Professor O. M. Frisch errs when he says that atomic events happen without cause.—Yours, etc.,

Petts Wood

SIDNEY WEST

### Some Influences on Modern Poetry

Sir,—Is it permissible to suggest that the quotation Professor Day Lewis gives from 'The Cocktail Party', however illuminating it may be in showing a change in sensibility, should not be used as an example of poetic diction for the simple reason that it is not poetry?

The lines quoted:

Your business is not to clear your conscience

But to learn how to bear the burdens on your conscience.

With the future of the others you are not concerned.

may or may not be embedded in a poem, but it is difficult to imagine any definition of poetry that could include or any definition of prose that could exclude them; and it seems to reveal a surprising lack of sensibility on the part of Professor Day Lewis that he, who would not quote Shakespeare's prose in that context, misleads us when he quotes his own contemporary.

It is a mistake to suppose that the gap between poetry and prose has narrowed, and unflattering to Mr. Eliot to suggest that he does not himself know where one begins and the other ends. And lesser mortals are only too ready to be persuaded, odd as it may seem, that they are expressing themselves in bad poetry rather than in tolerable prose.—Yours, etc.,

Rugby

R. MARRIOTT

Sir,—With reference to Professor Day Lewis' observations on Hamlet and Mr. Atiyah's letter in *THE LISTENER* of February 5, Bernard Shaw long ago pointed out that the real dilemma was that of an honourable man—a civilised man as we would call him—who could not bring himself to do a deed of primitive vengeance, even when enjoined to do so by the spirit of his father, whom he had loved. After all, which one

of us today, placed in that dilemma, would really kill the king, except in hot blood? His inability to do the deed is not neurotic, as Mr. Atiyah suggests, but eminently sane. But, as Mr. Atiyah does point out, it is certainly not due to his fear that his father's ghost may have been a daemon in disguise. This is merely a way of justifying his delay to himself.

Yours, etc.,

Churchill

DENNIS PECK

Sir,—In his third talk Professor Day Lewis stated 'that we had many poets in the Forces from 1939 onwards, but none with the genius of William Owen'. At least three of them, surely, deserve mention in any account of modern poetry: Sidney Keyes, Alun Lewis, and Keith Douglas—young poets of exceptional promise who were killed on active service.

For poetry readers of Professor Day Lewis' generation the war poems of Wilfred Owen have had an almost morbid fascination; their effect on the younger generation has been, I think, less devastating. Those who served in the second world war felt a *frisson nouveau* which Wilfred Owen's famous 'pity' naturally does not express. The 1939-46 revival may have had less regard for the unities than its classic original, but the show undoubtedly went on, and its rhythms, its rapid scene changes, its career through boredom, wonder and horror, have been caught for us in the poetry and prose, for example, of Keith Douglas, who had a sharp sense of the irony of time and place.

These three poets have left no visionary poems of the quality of Miss Edith Sitwell's 'Still Falls the Rain', and they had precious little time in which to cultivate their own garden à la Dylan Thomas, but they kept their eyes open and they spoke with a certain compassion. Their work is a small but original contribution to English poetry.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.4

J. MICHAEL PURSER

### Faith, Doubt and Freedom

Sir,—It is certainly true that the will to understand is not absolute (John Wilson, *THE LISTENER*, February 5, 1953), neither can it exist apart from its pre-requisite conditions, here so cogently stated.

But I object to the need for food being pre-eminently the cornerstone of civilisation: the need for food plays an integral part in any assessment of human relationships yet it is not the primary motivation. That, surely, is the will to live, towards which food plays the role of a secondary factor. It is life itself which creates the need for food and thus co-operation as a contributory aspect—not the need for food causing the way of man's life and his aspirations (civilisation) but the fact of his living resulting in both. I deny I co-operate simply in order to fill my belly—which seems the rather crude implication. My life is part of a process which does not reach fulfilment in my own finite existence: my will to live includes the perpetuation of this process in the lives of others and I co-operate only partly through the need for food as an accessory, though important condition. Does John Wilson imagine that if the situation were to occur in which food was plentiful for all, civilisation would fall asunder?

Yours, etc.,

Watford

PHILIP WILSON

### Missing the Meaning

Sir,—Perhaps there could be a campaign to stop the use of

- 'Aftermath' to mean 'after-effect'.
- 'Second crop' is surely the meaning.
- Dilemma to mean any sort of problem.
- Gambit to mean any old chess opening.



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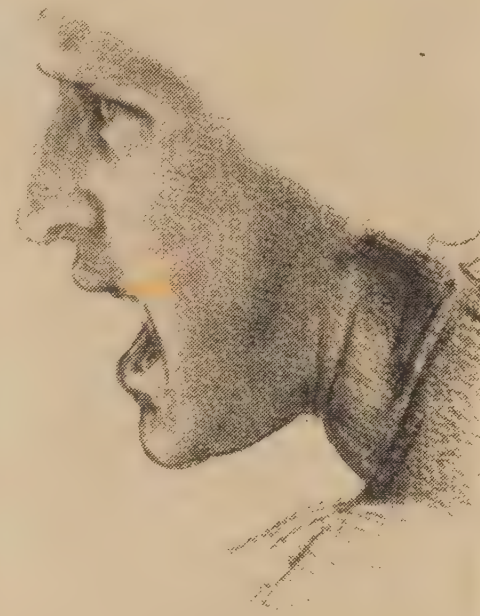
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HEAD OF A WARRIOR, a study in red chalk for the cartoon of "The Battle of Anghiari", by Leonardo da Vinci, now in the Museum of Fine Arts, Budapest. Tragically, when the design was transferred to the wall of the Hall of Council, in Florence, the colours ran and the result was a failure. All that now remains of the cartoon itself are a number of studies of fighting men and horses, which were drawn by Leonardo on paper in 1504.

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(d) Nostalgia to mean anything except 'desire to reach home' (Old Odysseus would not have suggested another week-end with Circe as a 'nostos').—Yours, etc.,

Tunstall

N. L. SMITH

### The Mission of an Art School

Sir,—Mr. Taylor in his brave attempt to postulate the mission of our art schools, is not altogether correct in assuming that the first persons in this country to advocate 'acceptance of the machine', in other words 'art in industry', were two distinguished German professors, visiting us with almost a century between them.

William Ewart's Select Committee on arts and manufactures was sitting on this subject in 1835, even before Queen Victoria had come to the throne or married the Prince Consort. Has Mr. Taylor forgotten S. C. Hall and the 'Art Union', or Sir Henry Cole, Felix Summerly's Art Manufactures, and the Royal Society of Arts, with their campaign to provide art for all and induce distinguished exponents of the fine arts to design for machine production? Or, taking a later period, teachers like Macintosh in Glasgow, or Lethaby at the Central School, both of whom, incidentally, are more honoured in Germany than here?

If we are to find inspiration from Germany, why did Mr. Taylor tell us nothing of Kerschesteiner's educational work in Munich, designed to keep alive craftsmanship and sense of materials in an age of increasing industrialisation? It preceded the Bauhaus by some years and left a lasting impression on education in Germany.

It is perhaps worth reflecting that never in this or any other country was more interest displayed in improving industrial art than during the Victorian period, yet how many people admire the results today?—Yours, etc.,

Creditor

M. LAMBERT

### Berg's Violin Concerto

Sir,—I am indebted to Mr. Dyneley Hussey for pointing out a logical error in my essay on Berg's Violin Concerto. I wholly agree with him that the true comparison of the artificial basis of the twelve-note system should have been with the natural laws underlying tonal music, and not with the theoretical deductions made *a posteriori* from the works of the great masters. In explanation, but not in excuse, of my error I would add that when making that comparison I was largely thinking of the purely empirical way by which the major-minor tonality had been evolved and established.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.8

MOSCO CARNER

### The Brontës in Ulster

Sir,—I am grateful to the Bishop of Down and Connor for his interesting addition to the story of the Brontës in Ulster. As I implied in my letter in *THE LISTENER* of January 8, I doubt if we shall ever know the whole truth about the first Welsh Brontë and his relationship to the character of Heathcliff. It may well be that the Christian name of Welsh in the Irish Brontë family came originally from a clergyman of that name: but surely Dr. Wright would have known of this and would not purposely have suppressed such important information, unless, of course, we assume that he invented the entire story of the founding child and had no regard whatever for the truth. In spite of evidence to the contrary, I have never believed that Dr. Wright's book, *The Brontës in Ireland*, is largely a work of fiction. I was pleased, therefore, to know that such an authority on the subject as the late Reverend J. B. Lusk of Glasgar told the Bishop of Down and Connor that the story has

'a substratum of reality'. That—perhaps more strongly expressed—has long been my opinion. The Brontës, as the Bishop says, were not as other people. But even if they were, I can see no reason why Hugh Brontë should not have called one of his sons after his reputedly cruel uncle. We are not inclined to speak ill of the dead in Ireland. I wonder how many men in this country have been thoroughly detested and feared by their relatives while alive and have had the most charitable things said about them after death.

I am happy to accept the statement of the Bishop of Down and Dromore that the Reverend Thomas Tighe and not the Reverend Andrew Harshaw was responsible for Patrick going to Cambridge. Regarding the last paragraph in the Bishop's letter in *THE LISTENER*, there is an interesting point about Charlotte maintaining communication with her Irish relations. It may not be generally known that Sarah—Patrick's youngest sister but one—married a man named Simon Collins. Charlotte once spoke to Ellen Nussey about an uncle from Ireland who visited Haworth and who was a farmer of good appearance. She mentioned also an Aunt Collins, 'of whom she knew very little to her regret'. It may be of interest to record that Mr. Collins Brontë of Lackan, near Rathfriland, Co. Down, showed me recently a photograph of Charlotte which has been in the possession of his family for many years and which she is believed to have sent personally to her Ulster aunts and uncles.

Yours, etc.,

Belfast

JACK LOUDAN

### 'The Dilemma of Our Times'

Sir,—In his review of my husband's book *The Dilemma of Our Times* your reviewer maintains that Mr. R. T. Clark should be ashamed of the way in which he prepared it for press. I do not think your reviewer can know the difficulties we faced in this untyped manuscript, the care with which Mr. Clark checked the references and the thought given to obscure passages.

It is easy for a reviewer to maintain that what Professor Laski wrote was not what he meant and that the editor should have altered it. But would Professor Laski have preferred what Mr. Clark felt he ought to have written to what he did write?—Yours, etc.,

London, W.14

FRIDA LASKI

Sir,—Your reviewer says Mr. R. T. Clark should be ashamed of the way in which he has prepared Laski's posthumous book *The Dilemma of Our Times* for publication. To those who know what devoted work went into this book the accusation of carelessness is painful.

Your reviewer found it 'riddled with misprints . . . obviously wrong references and names of persons', etc. On a careful re-reading we have found two printer's literals in five chapters and no other errors. But if we may have from your reviewer a list of the errors he has found 'riddling the pages', but which we seem unable to spot, we can correct them when we reprint.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

C. A. FURTH,

Director, George Allen and  
Unwin Ltd.

[Our reviewer has supplied us with a list of the points he found to criticise in the first 200 pages of the book and we have sent this list to the publishers.  
—EDITOR, *THE LISTENER*]

### Delights of Old Sweets

Sir,—Having, with interest, read the talk on 'The Delights of Old Sweets' by Sir Compton Mackenzie (*THE LISTENER*, January 22) I was interested in A.B.'s letter (*THE LISTENER*, January 29). Her 'Cupid's Whispers' have apparently been revived, for I was given ½ lb. the other day. The messages such as 'I love you' were still on but I did not come across her

'brownie-pink' one which was flavoured with cinnamon, and I'm sure they weren't half so exciting as pre-war ones were but they were twice as nauseating.—Yours, etc.,

Newbiggin-by-the-Sea

N. ROBSON

Sir,—A.B.' can today see and even smell her remembered favourites. Her 'Cupid's Whispers' seem to be the chief stock of the sweet shop in the eighteenth-century street in York museum.

The museum authorities do not go so far in their pursuit of verisimilitude as to allow visitors to consume the exhibition.—Yours, etc.,

B:rigg

P. A. SERGEANT

Sir,—I feel I might perhaps enlarge the list of delectable 'sweets' which were not, I think, mentioned by Sir Compton Mackenzie in his original chronicle of our youthful pleasures, by reminding him of 'cushions', a sweet so-shaped, 'glazed' in pale green or pink, and containing a flavour of pistachio; of 'jumbles' or 'brandy snaps', as they were called; of bars of coconut ice in pink-and-white sugar, and their cheaper variety, coconut chips, or the thicker liquorice 'strands', called Cable-Twist, and the huge black-and-white Bulls Eyes, so pungent with peppermint as to be known as 'stunners'. Of Turkish Delight, rather tame in flavour and of a heavily-powdered glutinous substance. Of those tiny crisp meringues, called Ice-Creams, flavoured with rose, ginger, or chocolate that crumbled so deliciously in the mouth. And, last, the celebrated Guernsey sweets, tinged with faint cinnamon which 'Sir Monty' must often have enjoyed during the years when he lived in one of his adjoining islands.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.2

TREVOR BLAKEMORE

Sir,—Sir Compton Mackenzie's talk on this subject brought back many memories of the sweet-sucking days of the 'nineties as my father made or sold all the varieties he mentions, and many more besides. I had a free run of his wares and was therefore the most popular boy of the school. Boiled sugars—known as 'spice' in the north of England—were I think the favourite—butter balls and acid drops were cheap and lasted longest; gums—either hard (jujubes) or soft (pastilles)—were dearer, usually two ounces a penny. Other favourites were aniseed balls (sold by count, e.g., sixteen a penny), mint rock (sometimes with a 'name' inserted which lasted all through), mints (described as 'curiously flavoured', which my father passed along the family pew when the sermon began), pomfret cakes (made of liquorice or 'Spanish juice'), sugar candy (barley sugar sticks), everlasting strips (four ounces a penny), and lucky bags (½d. each, which sometimes contained a three-penny bit until this practice was prohibited).

My father described his business as 'Wholesale and Manufacturing Confectioner, Drysalter and Grocers' Sundryman', and I believe 'Italian Warehouseman' was sometimes added! My pockets were never without a bag of sweets. No wonder that some years later my doctor said I was suffering 'from a stomach lined with glucose'.—Yours, etc.,

Geneva

J. W. NIXON

### Old Omnibuses

Sir,—When reading in *THE LISTENER* Mr. C. F. Clifton's letter, the lines of a popular chorus came to my mind. It might interest some of the old timers:

Bank! Bank! Bank! Bank!  
Charing Cross I say  
Baker Street to Broad Street,  
A penny all the way—  
Show you how we trot along,  
Lots of room inside,  
Patronise the penny 'bus,  
And have a tuppenny ride.

—Yours, etc.,

Collingham

H. HANCOCK



# Anglophobia in Present-day Italy

(continued from page 247)

hoped in her total defeat, as a glance at Germany's fate ought to persuade them. You will find that many people in Italy are ready to admit all this, and you will further discover that in fact their anglophobia is only skin-deep and can be overcome by sensible argument. But you will also probably find that sooner or later the whole argument will bounce back to what I have called the attitude of disappointed affection. 'Yes', they will say, 'all this is true enough, and pray do not believe that we refuse to bear the consequences and to pay the price of our country's follies. But what we want is not your charity but your esteem, and we cannot help feeling that in your heart of hearts you have a very poor opinion of Italy and of the Italians'.

## The Root of the Problem

Here, indeed, we touch the root of the whole problem of Anglo-Italian relations, and probably the root of the anglophobia that is so widespread in Italy today even among the large number of people who do not fall into the clear-cut categories of fascist and anti-fascist. We touch in fact a 'complex' rather than a clearly defined notion or idea, and national complexes are perhaps even more difficult to analyse than individual ones, for they partake not only of psychology, but also of politics. Not only do both the British and the Italians suffer from complexes. What makes it worse is that the complexes they suffer from are exactly the opposite. I have no intention of repeating the usual commonplace about the superiority-complex of the British. I know only too well that smugness is a vice from which present-day Britons are earnestly and honestly trying to rid themselves. But enough traces of it remain in their attitude to foreigners, and to the Latin people especially, to cause friction which could easily be avoided. As for the Italians, I wish that they would try to cure themselves once and for all of that inferiority-complex which has been the cause of so many of their troubles. This inferiority-complex is a mixture of touchiness and frustration; only the long sad tale of Italian history can fully account for it. But it easily turns into rhetorical self-assertion and irritable national pride, the very stuff fascism was made of. 'What do they think of us in England?' is the question I am constantly asked when I go back to Italy, by colleagues in the university as well as by casual acquaintances in a railway carriage. I have now made it a habit to counter it with another question: 'Why do you care so much about what they think of you? If you are pleased with yourselves, if your conscience is at peace, why should other people's opinions matter?'

The point is that, despite all appearances, the Italians are their own most merciless critics. Boastful they may be, but rarely complacent. With few exceptions, they lack the sense of humour that enables the English to laugh at themselves and at other people's strictures. Their irony is nearly always galling, and they suspect other people's to be the same. It looks as if they were always trying to find compensations for real or imaginary shortcomings, raising questions of prestige where other nations would see only a matter of expediency or common sense. It is indeed difficult to engage in a political discussion with Italians without gaining the impression that they are all either cynics or braggarts. The shades of Machiavelli and D'Annunzio always seem to lurk behind them. Nothing, I know, can be more irritating. And yet, how misleading it would be to take Machiavelli and D'Annunzio as the sole interpreters of the Italian character! If I were to suggest one, it is Manzoni I would choose, for it is he, the poet of the meek, who best expressed the ancient heritage of wisdom and kindness, of patience and of hope, that still inspires, I believe, the great majority of the Italians. Why not try to find here the ground for a better understanding between the two countries?

As with all nations in the world, it is, after all, nothing else than a question of learning their language. But even that may not be enough, for a language must be spoken with tact and, if I may say so, with a dash of imagination. This last quality is the one which I most sorely miss in the approach of many Englishmen to contemporary Italy. I may be wrong, but my impression is that, even among the educated classes in England, too many of the old *clichés* about Italy are still current. I cannot help sensing them even in the kind words which I quoted about the Italians being such a friendly people and Italy such an ideal place

for a holiday. It is the patronising tone that is out of place, the more so as it is often accompanied by the usual remarks about the delights of the *dolce far niente*. Surely any visitor who seriously tries to find out what the Italians are really like must have noticed a few facts that go counter to the old popular notions? Far be it from me to deny the dark sides of the Italian scene: the insolence of the rich, the plight of the unemployed, the squalor of the south, all the obvious things that make headlines in the papers. But if one remembers what the country looked like in June 1945, the present conditions of Italy could make headlines too. And, what is more important, it has all been done in a climate of freedom. Trains are punctual again, and they are punctual without the black-shirts.

To discover the real face of the two nations behind the bogus pictures that are still so familiar is something that each of us can do: the rest is on the knees of the gods, or rather of the politicians. But I am sure that, once self-righteousness is avoided and the right tone found, it will be easier too to put the British case convincingly before the Italians. If, for example, you find, as you will most certainly do, that the Italians have not forgiven you for the sad odyssey of their miners in England, it is worth explaining to them that many English people have themselves felt sorry and uncomfortable about it. But if they take you to task for Italy's loss of Libya or Eritrea, it would be better not to invoke too glibly the principles of racial equality or of self-determination; they will only see in this yet another proof of British hypocrisy: much better to talk to them, in this case, the plain language of power-politics. And if they complain about over-population and the lack of opportunities for emigration, would it be wiser, I wonder, not to extol the virtues of birth-control, however justified such advice may be? The easy-going Italian attitude to religion can be misleading, for Puritanism, after all, is not the only token of deep-seated moral convictions.

I am listing all these points at random, as they occur to me when I look back to the experience of these years and of my divided allegiance. But there is a last one which I would like to make, though I rather hesitate to do so, for I would not like my words to be misinterpreted. British currency restrictions have had an unhappy effect on the Continent. They have spread wrong ideas about this country's financial predicament. This is particularly noticeable in a country like Italy, where visitors flock from all parts of the world and comparisons are inevitable. The prestige of a nation is not a matter only of generous tips or of smart appearances. But Latins have funny ideas about being grand. It will not enter their minds that the difficulties that beset British tourists are not an indication of stinginess but of patriotism; that, in a world like the one we live in, there is probably more grandeur in austerity than in extravagance.—*Third Programme*

## Someone

He cannot go into the other room. There is someone

Alone in the other room and he lies here  
Longing for, yet afraid to seek, that someone  
Who lies so near.

Though all seems subtly changed, he knows that someone  
Cannot be changed. Early or late  
For him beyond that door there always will be someone  
To lie and wait.

Yet if he went, what should he find? Would there be someone  
Or no one there? And would he find tonight,  
As once he found upon the body of that someone  
The same delight?

He is afraid. He is afraid of someone, someone,  
He is afraid to grope his way towards that bed,  
In case that long-known, long-loved someone  
Now lies there dead.

FRANCIS KING

—from 'New Soundings' (*Third Programme*)



# Techniques in Modern Poetry

The last of four talks by C. DAY LEWIS

**W**HAT do we mean by a poet's technique? First, his way of using rhyme, metre, stanza forms, image patterns: second, his use of language. The two are interdependent, of course. But the latter, the use of language, is the more fundamental: it governs to a considerable extent the formal structure of a poet's verse—its metres and rhyme-schemes—and it embodies his own identity, the quality by which one poet can be distinguished from another. A poet's style, in fact, is equivalent to the personality by which we recognise a human being, and this is so even when it is an extremely impersonal style. But, when we speak of a style, we refer to the general poetic idiom of a given period as well as to the individual poet's variation of it. And this lands me in trouble straight away: for, if we look at the metaphysicals, the Augustans, or the Victorian minor poets, we get an impression of a poetic language held in common—we are struck by the resemblances in style between individual poets of each period: whereas with contemporary verse we are struck more by the differences: it seems a sort of babel—there is apparently no norm to which contemporary poets approximate, no composite poetic language being built up on their individual styles.

## Influence of the Climate of Our Times

No doubt it is partly a delusion, the result of our being too close to those living poets and unable to see the wood for the trees. But it is not entirely so, I think. During the last thirty years there has been an unusual amount of technical exploration in many different directions, and contemporary verse has been subjected to a diversity of influences, both literary and social, which have prevented it from settling into one mould. The way we write is affected, not only by our personal interests and characteristics, but by our subject-matter, which includes the climate of our times: and this climate has produced some unusually changeable and unpredictable weather for us. So our verse has been unsettled, erratic, on the whole revolutionary in technique. But one should not carry this line too far. It would be wrong to say that the rootless, neurotic modern sensibility *must* be expressed in a disordered, hysterical kind of poetry, or that a disintegrating civilisation, where 'the centre cannot hold', requires a centrifugal verse. It would be wrong, because, though the poet should respond to the outer world, it is also his task to impose order within his own world, the world of the poem. One cannot even claim that preoccupation with the moral and social problems of one's time must inevitably produce an innovating, 'modernistic' poetic language. Spenser and Tennyson, for example, were greatly exercised by such problems: but Tennyson's style was never a revolutionary one, while Spenser's was conservative and to some degree even archaic.

No, I think the basic reason for the eccentricities of modern verse is a simpler one: a revolt against the poetic language of our predecessors, but more self-conscious, less spontaneous perhaps, than such revolts have generally been. Certain factors of our time have tended to degrade and exhaust language with unusual rapidity—the popular press, for example, modern publicity methods, the dumb-ox dialogue of plays and films, the spreading miasma of cheap-jack fiction. This being so, the poet becomes so much the more aware of, the more self-conscious in, his task of renovating language; and the violent efforts he must make to re-enliven it will show in his verse.

The most obvious effect of this, and the one which gives readers greatest trouble, is the compression of modern verse. Poets try to concentrate their meaning in the smallest possible space. There must be no diffuseness, no slackness of texture, no superfluous ornament. A poem should be all poetry, not an archipelago of heightened poetic passages linked together by a sea of versified prose. There is nothing very new in the idea: Keats told Shelley he ought to 'load every rift with ore': Edgar Allan Poe's demand for 'pure poetry' helped to create the Symbolist movement in France. What is new is the general acceptance and practice of the idea, and the technical methods whose application it has led to. Let us look first at two examples of these

methods in action. Here is a passage from T. S. Eliot's 'The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock':

For I have known them all already, known them all:  
Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,  
I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;  
I know the voices dying with a dying fall  
Beneath the music from a farther room.  
So how should I presume?

And I have known the eyes already, known them all—  
The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase,  
And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,  
When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,  
Then how should I begin  
To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?  
And how should I presume?

And I have known the arms already, known them all—  
Arms that are braceleted and white and bare  
(But in the lamplight, downed with light brown hair!)  
Is it perfume from a dress  
That makes me so digress?  
Arms that lie along a table, or wrap about a shawl.  
And should I then presume?  
And how should I begin?

Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets  
And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes  
Of lonely men in shirt-sleeves, leaning out of windows? . . .  
I should have been a pair of ragged claws  
Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.

The poem from which that is taken presents no difficulty today; but, when it first appeared, many readers felt baffled or outraged by it. The language of this particular passage is not, for the most part, very concentrated; it is diffuse, or at least discursive, with its lyrical refrain ('For I have known them all already') and its dramatic repetitions. This loose, unemphatic texture of language throws into hard relief the few metaphors and concentrated phrases, so that they leap out at you: 'I have measured out my life with coffee spoons'—a phrase that tells us a great deal about Mr. Prufrock—the monotony, frivolity, futility of his social life, at any rate as he, in middle age, sees it. He cannot make up his mind whether to propose marriage. His indecision is at the core of the poem, but it is always expressed obliquely, allusively: 'And how should I presume?' So is the appeal for sympathy he hesitates to make: he does not say 'I am ageing and lonely; take pity on me'. He says:

I have gone at dusk through narrow streets  
And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes  
Of lonely men in shirt-sleeves.

His fear of rebuff, his sense of his own insignificance, comes out in the last two lines, the image of

. . . a pair of ragged claws  
Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.

The concentration of this passage, then, lies not so much in a close texture of language as in its allusiveness and in its omission of logical connecting-links. We have to jump imaginatively a gap between lonely men in shirt-sleeves and the crab scuttling over the ocean floor. Readers should have no trouble in doing this nowadays. It is a cinematic technique. In a film we see a man packing a bag; we then get a brief shot of an engine's coupling-rod moving, and this fades into a shot of a girl waiting for the man at the barrier of a railway terminus. A sequence such as this, leaving out any direct reference to the man's journey, seems straightforward enough to us; but the early film-goer would have found it difficult to follow.

Now we will try another method of compression. When Mr. Dylan Thomas begins a poem with the line 'A grief ago', he is compressing a world of experience into a nutshell. But it is still a metaphor, though



an extremely audacious one, on the traditional pattern. For an illustration of his original and intense poetic language, here are the last three stanzas of 'Fern Hill', a poem about his childhood:

And, then to awake, and the farm, like a wanderer white  
With the dew, come back, the cock on his shoulder: it was all  
Shining, it was Adam and maiden,  
The sky gathered again  
And the sun grew round that very day.  
So it must have been after the birth of the simple light  
In the first spinning place, the spellbound horses walking warm  
Out of the whinnying green stable  
On to the fields of praise.

And honoured among foxes and pheasants by the gay house  
Under the new made clouds and happy as the heart was long,  
In the sun born over and over,  
I ran my heedless ways,  
My wishes raced through the house high hay  
And nothing I cared, at my sky blue trades, that time allows  
In all his tuneful turning so few and such morning songs  
Before the children green and golden  
Follow him out of grace.

Nothing I cared, in the lamb white days, that time would take me  
Up to the swallow thronged loft by the shadow of my hand,  
In the moon that is always rising,  
Nor that riding to sleep  
I should hear him fly with the high fields  
And wake to the farm forever fled from the childless land.  
Oh as I was young and easy in the mercy of his means,  
Time held me green and dying  
Though I sang in my chains like the sea.

If you are hearing that for the first time, its language may strike you as rhapsodical, loose, rather wild. Rhapsodical it is, but not loose: the poem is in an elaborate, regular stanza form; the language is intricate, closely meshed. The recipe (though poems are not, of course, created from recipes) is association of images, verbal associations, and a turning upside down, as it were, of ordinary conceptions. But this is not arbitrary, not just playing tricks with words and images.

The farm, like a wanderer white  
With the dew, come back, the cock on his shoulder

is given us like that, as a person, because it is part of the animistic imagination of a child, to whom his surroundings seem alive, reborn every morning. The imagery throughout derives from a child's vision: 'My wishes raced through the house high hay'—hay is high as a house to a small child; it overtops him: and the feeling of 'My wishes raced' has been led up to by 'happy as the heart was long', a phrase which freshens an old *cliché*—'happy as the day is long', and gathers force from its association. In the last stanza we return to the farm house: the child does not care that he will one day 'wake to the farm forever fled from the childless land'. This is animistic again; and it gets its effect by turning an ordinary idea topsy-turvy: the idea of the child growing up, leaving the farm for ever, becomes instead the farm leaving the child, leaving a land that is 'childless' because this particular child is not there any more. There is poetic reason for all the apparent oddities of expression.

Nothing I cared, in the lamb white days, that time would take me  
Up to the swallow thronged loft by the shadow of my hand.

Why 'lamb white days'? Because, like the 'sky blue trades' which it echoes, it gives us the feel of childish innocence and joy. Why 'that time would take me . . . by the shadow of my hand'? Because the child's 'lamb white days' seem endless and bedtime only a distant shadow, and perhaps he foresees the shadow of his own hand on the stair-rail, going to bed, thrown by 'the moon that is always rising'.

I think I have said enough to show you how intricate and concentrated Mr. Thomas' poetic language is, and how this poem has taken shape—one image rising naturally from another, one phrase begetting another by verbal association; the whole process keyed to the experience and vision of childhood. Let us now turn to yet another type of compression—the kind of poetry in which language is drawn taut by dialectic, by argument. Here is a sonnet of Mr. Robert Frost's:

He would declare and could himself believe  
That the birds there in all the garden round  
From having heard the daylong voice of Eve  
Had added to their own an oversound,

Her tone of meaning but without the words.  
Admittedly an eloquence so soft  
Could only have had an influence on birds  
When call or laughter carried it aloft.  
Be that as may be, she was in their song.  
Moreover her voice upon their voices crossed  
Had now persisted in the woods so long  
That probably it never would be lost.  
Never again would birds' song be the same.  
And to do that to birds was why she came.

That poem has none of the abrupt transitions, the startling epithets or phrases we found in Mr. Eliot or Mr. Thomas. Its language may seem to you rather flat and unpoetic. But it is an extremely subtle poem, and it sets a standard for the modern use of colloquial language in poetry. By this I do not mean slang, but a language following the contours of ordinary speech, and heightening it—the opposite of an artificial 'poetic' diction. 'Colloquial' means people talking together. In that poem of Frost's, you have the poet talking to himself, in a meditative, argumentative way. The first five lines state the proposition—that the birds in the garden, from hearing

The daylong voice of Eve  
Had added to their own an oversound.

The next three lines modify this proposition:

Admittedly an eloquence so soft  
Could only have had an influence on birds  
When call or laughter carried it aloft.

After this temporary check, which has the tone of a second voice putting in a mild objection, the main argument is summed up ('Be that as may be, she was in their song'), and moves on again to a second point, an amplification—

Moreover her voice upon their voices crossed  
Had now persisted in the woods so long  
That probably it never would be lost

—and so to the clinching discovery of the last line—'And to do that to birds was why she came'. This line, with its dry tone of understatement, its absolute rejection of the grandiose, has nevertheless a remarkable poetic impact. I can compare it only with a scientific punch, which need not travel far if the boxer is perfectly balanced and thus able to put his whole weight behind it. This line has behind it the weight and balance of the whole poem: in itself, it would be nothing; in its context—the leisurely, controversial manner of the poem, its closely woven dialectic—the line has an effect of extraordinary concentration.

New styles come into being through the necessity for recharging language that has run down. So it is with new kinds of rhyme and rhythm. Rhyme-words can grow stale, and thus weaken a poem. Contemporary verse employs a number of devices for avoiding this staleness. First, frequent use of internal rhyme, assonance and alliteration (alliteration is a kind of rhyming). You can hear it in these lines by W. R. Rodgers:

Slow, slow, slow, with bubble-pause and slide  
He paced before Europa there, and she  
As if with shivering drew her shoulders now  
Shyly about her, yet she shivered still.  
Never did shadow so shimmer with midges  
As she with switherings. Should she go?  
Or no? Body and soul see-sawed in her.

Second, there is the consonantal end-rhyme, such as Wilfred Owen used so effectively—'escaped'/'scooped'; 'groined'/'groaned'; 'bestirred'/'stared'. Third, instead of normal end-rhymes, you may get dissonances, distorted sound-echoes, at the end of the lines, as you do in Mr. MacNeice's spirited, syncopated 'Bagpipe Music', which begins like this:

It's no go the merry-go-round, it's no go the rickshaw,  
All we want is a limousine and a ticket for the peepshow.  
Their knickers are made of crepe-de-chine, their shoes are made of python,  
Their halls are lined with tiger rugs and their walls with heads of bison.

John MacDonald found a corpse, put it under the sofa,  
Waited till it came to life and hit it with a poker,  
Sold its eyes for souvenirs, sold its blood for whiskey,  
Kept its bones for dumb-bells to use when he was fifty.



It's no go the Yogi-Man, it's no go Blavatsky,  
All we want is a bank balance and a bit of skirt in a taxi.

Annie MacDougall went to milk, caught her foot in the heather,  
Woke to hear a dance record playing of Old Vienna.  
It's no go your maidenheads, it's no go your culture,  
All we want is a Dunlop tyre and the devil mend the puncture.

The Laird o' Phelps spent Hogmanay declaring he was sober,  
Counted his feet to prove the fact and found he had one foot over.  
Mrs. Carmichael had her fifth, looked at the job with repulsion,  
Said to the midwife, 'Take it away; I'm through with over-production'.

And so on. It will not have escaped you that this is far from being a jazzed-up nonsense poem. It is satire: and if we wished to be solemn about it, we could say that it is attacking the materialism, the debasement of values, the vulgarity of our day. It does this by a sort of ju-jitsu technique—giving way to the vulgarity, as it were, and compelling it thus to overreach and expose itself. This is the dramatic, as opposed to the analytic, method of satire: you will find it much used in contemporary verse.

But I was talking about rhyme. Another innovation, common in the modern practice of verse, is occasional rhyme. You have no formal, set rhyme-scheme; you put in an end rhyme just here and there, to mark the end of a period—as Shakespeare used it; or to call the reader's attention to a passage of special importance, to underline your meaning at certain points. This is the theory, at any rate. It is part of the theory which produced 'free verse', and which now produces irregular verse—verse, that is to say, in which the lines are of irregular length and the stanzas or successive passages have no obvious formal correspondence to one another. This technique is justified on the grounds that it gives the poet more freedom to say exactly what he wants to say, instead of having to force his meaning into a rigid, prefabricated structure of rhyme and metre, thus cramping or distorting it. Against this, you may argue that every great poet in the English language, except Whitman, has used set forms and managed to convey a great deal of meaning. I do not myself consider that a really conclusive argument. A more cogent one is that the discipline of strict form itself generates and defines poetic meaning, rather than narrows or obstructs it. Paul Valéry said: 'The exigencies of a strict prosody are the artifice which endows our natural speech with the qualities of a refractory material, foreign to the soul and, as it were, deaf to our desires. . . . Once they have been accepted, we cannot do everything we please; we cannot say everything'. Strict forms, in other words, not only compel us to say things in a certain way; they help us to discover what it is we want to say.

### Attempts to Re-create Language

However that may be, the technical liberties taken by contemporary verse, where rhyme and metre are concerned, must be seen as attempts to re-create language, methods of using words in a fresh, vigorous, illuminating manner. Just as, from *Wuthering Heights* and *Moby Dick* to the work of James Joyce and Virginia Woolf, novelists can be seen enriching fiction with the symbolism and the heightened language which used to be considered the preserve of poetry, so in the last thirty years poetry has tended towards the language of prose and of everyday conversation; tended to become more colloquial in expression, and to follow more closely the rhythms of ordinary speech. There are many exceptions to this, of course. But, if you are reading a modern poem, which seems to have no definite structure, no fixed metre, read it aloud, stressing the syllables you would naturally stress if it was a piece of prose, closely following the contours of the phrases, and you will soon be able to grasp its poetic rhythms. On the other hand, if you read aloud passages from Mr. Eliot's play, 'The Cocktail Party', you will notice how a basic metre—the rigid four-stress line—is made extraordinarily supple, speeding up or slowing down, pointing the dramatic argument by its distribution of stresses, adapting itself to colloquial rhythms but sharpening them.

Throughout these talks I have given most attention to the less traditional kinds of contemporary verse, to the new subject-matter and the new methods of treatment which modern poets have attempted, because they need interpretation in a way that the poems of Walter de la Mare, say, or Edmund Blunden, do not. But in case you feel the balance between the experimental and the traditional needs redressing, we will end with two poems by living writers which are simple and straightforward—on the surface, at any rate—with no shockingly

'modern' imagery or use of language. The first, 'The Foreboding', is by Robert Graves, a poet who in fact has been one of the foremost experimenters of our time:

Looking by chance in at the open window  
I saw my own self seated in his chair  
With gaze abstracted, furrowed forehead,  
Unkempt hair.

I thought that I had suddenly come to die,  
That to a cold corpse this was my farewell,  
Until the pen moved slowly on the paper  
And tears fell.

He had written a name, yours, in printed letters,  
One word on which bemusedly to pore:  
No protest, no desire, your naked name,  
Nothing more.

Would it be tomorrow, would it be next year?  
But the vision was not false, this much I knew;  
And I turned angrily from the open window  
Aghast at you.

Why never a warning, either by speech or look,  
That the love you cruelly gave me could not last?  
Already it was too late: the bait swallowed,  
The hook fast.

That poem—strong, poignant, laconic—is permanent poetry. So is this one, by a poet as individualistic as Mr. Graves though more obviously traditional. This one, too, reminds us that in the end there are no 'modern poets', only poets—Mr. de la Mare's exquisite lyric, 'To A Candle'\*:

Burn stilly, thou; and come with me.  
I'll screen thy rays. Now . . . Look, and see,  
Where, like a flower furled,  
Sealed from this busy world,  
Tranquil brow, and lid, and lip,  
One I love lies here asleep.

Low upon her pillow is  
A head of such strange loveliness—  
Gilded-brown, unwoven hair—  
That dread springs up to see it there:  
Lest so profound a trance should be  
Death's momentary alchemy.

Venture closer, then. Thy light  
Be little day to this small night!  
Fretting through her lids it makes  
The lashes stir on those pure cheeks:  
The scarcely-parted lips, it seems,  
Pine, but in vain, to tell her dreams.

Every curve and hollow shows  
In faintest shadow—mouth and nose;  
Pulsing beneath the silken skin  
The milk-blue blood rills out and in:  
A bird's might be that slender bone,  
Magic itself to ponder on.

Time hath spread its nets in vain:  
The child she was is home again;  
Veiled with Sleep's seraphic grace;  
How innocent yet how wise a face!  
Mutely entreating, it seems to sigh—  
'Love made me. It is only I.

'Love made this house wherein there dwells  
A thing divine, and homeless else.  
Not mine the need to ponder why  
In this sweet prison I exult and sigh.  
Not mine to bid you hence. God knows  
It was for joy he shaped the rose'.

See, she stirs. A hand at rest  
Slips from above that gentle breast,  
White as winter-mounded snows,  
Summer-sweet as that wild rose . . .  
Thou lovely thing! Ah, welladay!  
Candle, I dream. Come, come away!

—Home Service

\* From *The Burning Glass* (Faber)



## Art

## Sickert in Edinburgh

By QUENTIN BELL

WE have hardly more claim to Sickert than the French have to Sisley and aesthetic nationalism is a foolish thing; nevertheless one could wish that some of our neighbours across the Channel, those few who belittle British painting and those many who do not know that it exists, could be induced to visit Edinburgh, a city which they have often found more accessible than London, there to learn that we have at least one master who may safely be compared with the great Frenchmen of the past century. (They might, *en passant*, look at the collection of the late Sir Edward Marsh in the Hatton Gallery, Newcastle.)

The Arts Council exhibition now hanging in the Diploma Galleries of the Scottish Royal Academy would be peculiarly suitable for the purpose of impressing a foreign visitor, for Miss Lilian Browse, who has been responsible for its arrangement, has not attempted to give us anything in the nature of a retrospect; she has looked for, and found, about a hundred of Sickert's best pictures. Some phases of the artist's development are barely represented, one is omitted. If the visitor should be so perverse as to seek those skumble-skamble echoes of the nineteenth-century illustrators which were, surely, the strangest aberrations in a painter who attached the greatest importance to subject matter, he will seek in vain. Other visitors will find it well worth their while to go to Edinburgh, for, although there are some failures, the general aspect of the exhibition is extremely impressive. Among the failures I would place some of the theatrical pictures, as for instance 'Sowing the Wind' which, despite the beauty of its colour and the effective quality of its atmosphere, fails to hold together, and such *pièces à machines* as the 'Portrait of Victor Lecour' or 'Signor Battistini Singing', in which the painter has employed knock-me-down methods superbly, but somewhat obviously.

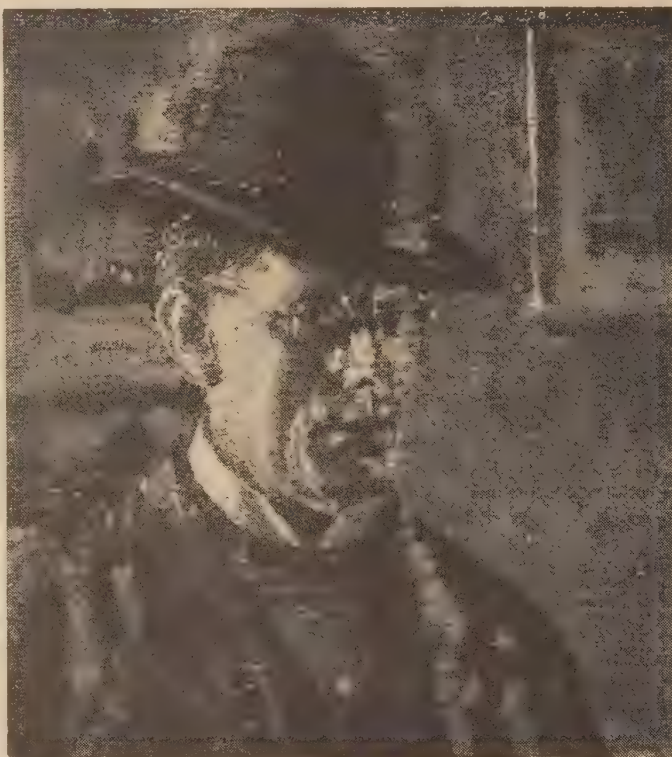
But among the rest, and in particular the rich but restrained compositions of the Venetian and Dieppois periods, the interiors of Camden Town and Fitzroy Street, there are many pictures which I should call masterpieces. The Venetian pictures are perhaps the best of all, or at least it is in this period that Sickert most consistently maintains his highest standards of achievement. These paintings show how he could keep the brilliance of his drawing within such bounds that the general pattern of his composition is never disturbed by his virtuosity. Sickert was a great draughtsman, gifted with an astonishing acuteness of vision, an eye for the truth, such as few painters have possessed. Attacking subjects which lend themselves, with a slight rearrangement of nature or admission of conceptual forms, to the sweetest and prettiest effects, he remains uncompromisingly factual; his observations are direct, brutal and convincing, his art is one of snapshot observation, never of the posed studio portrait. The effect is impressive and eminently painterly, and many artists might have been content to leave it at that, to build the picture around a collection of just and striking observations.

But Sickert, at his best, keeps his powers as a draughtsman completely in hand; all his sensibility and all his cleverness are subordinated to the

needs of the whole design. The effect can be overwhelming: see, for instance, the 'Horses of St. Mark's' (No. 35), 'Jeanne et Hélène Dormont'—the Belgian Cocottes, or that wonderful self-portrait 'The Juvenile Lead'. In works such as these one feels that the painter holds so strong a hand that he can win his game without playing all his cards. There are very few painters who give an impression of such reserves of power. Likewise one feels that, in his work, surface quality—and his surface qualities are at times very beautiful—is a by-product and never an aim. It results naturally from his work, as a carpenter achieves fine shavings while planing a length of wood.

Thus, with all the powers that are most serviceable to dishonesty, all the opportunities and a good many of the motives that make an artist untrue to himself, Sickert maintained an astonishing degree of integrity. The quality is most apparent in his sketches, where one may witness his furious industry in observing, investigating, thoroughly understanding and so to speak possessing, the structure of the common objects that we see, but do not remark, every day of our lives.

No school has a monopoly of aesthetic honesty (although there are some styles which lead almost fatally to that which is false and insincere). But there is in the work of Sickert a particular kind of probity (I use the word with intention) which goes with the resolution to state forms within a convention which leaves no room for equivocation. Sickert, who was ready to imitate Degas in his tightest and least charming mood (see the elaborately careful study of the orchestra at the Old Bedford), may be thought to have preserved, in a greatly transmuted form, something of that respect for the measured



'The Juvenile Lead', a self-portrait by Sickert: from the Arts Council exhibition at the Scottish Royal Academy, Edinburgh

Lent by the Southampton Art Gallery

space which is implicit in the doctrines of the school of David; and, through him, it persists in some of the best of our younger painters. He may, in fact, be said to have in his own peculiar way fulfilled the role of preserving 'the excellent Ingres tradition' which he assigned to Sir Edward Poynter. The mind boggles at the notion of an affinity between Sickert and the painter of the 'Visit to Aesculapius', and those who knew him may well surmise that his written criticism represents not so much his own convictions as a vain desire to annoy Roger Fry. 'Undoubtedly his wisest remark on the subject of painting was that 'an artist is to be judged by his canvases, not by his patter'.

I think the finest thing in this remarkable exhibition is the tall canvas of the New Bedford which is lent by the Temple Newsam Art Gallery, Leeds. Here the grimy splendours of plush and tinsel, the plaster gods, the ascending haze of tobacco smoke, and the dim dizzy height of the gallery are perfectly conveyed on the grand scale. The picture is full of astonishing drawing and the most lovely passages of colour, the whole embraced in one strong and subtle design. Sickert is one of those painters who have extended our vision. He has made the shabby world of sluts and pub-crawlers, music halls, tawdry vice, and slummy back streets one of the aesthetic properties of our time. His paintings are not simply, in themselves, an enrichment of the world; they are a means to the enrichment of experience. They have undoubtedly enhanced life.



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

## Thomas Carlyle: Letters to his Wife Edited by Trudy Bliss. Gollancz. 25s.

SINCE THE PRINTED CARLYLE correspondence already filled more than a dozen volumes, it might have been supposed that the remaining letters of this inexhaustible pair could not contain anything more worth publishing; but that would be a mistake. The National Library of Scotland holds a large store of Carlyle documents, and these include 747 letters from Thomas to Jane. They begin in 1827, the first year of the marriage, and go on to its close forty years later. Froude and his successors hardly drew upon them, so that Lady Bliss, following up her selection from Mrs. Carlyle, has enjoyed the good fortune of working over a virgin field. This batch may not contain the most important of Carlyle's abounding confessions, but its yield is most revealing. Here is the heart of the man laid bare.

The Carlyles, contrasted in temperament and style, were alike in possession of certain qualities that go to make the ideal letter-writer. There was nothing in everyday life to which they were indifferent. Ear and eye took in all. Either of them could make a vivid story out of the smallest happening: a quaint or tiresome caller, a domestic mishap, a poor meal, or the noises by which their nights were ruined. From first to last they were utterly dependent upon one another. The call for letters was insistent. A blank post, before and after the coming of the penny stamp, was almost a heartbreak.

Soon after his first success, with *The French Revolution*, Carlyle fell into the habit of visiting certain great houses. The experience makes a chronicle of some twenty-five years. During the larger part of this period he was the captive of Lady Ashburton and a frequent guest in one or other of the Baring places. There he was at his ease, when not troubled by his wife's jealousy; but with this one exception the record of his migrations is a monotonous lament. He was comfortable only under the wifely care of Cheyne Row. He could not adjust himself to the country-house routine. The meal-times seemed to him unnatural, and one odd circumstance is that he could never protect himself against the servant's intrusion at 7 a.m. or earlier and the long wait for breakfast. After years of this suffering Mrs. Carlyle felt obliged to remind him that he stayed in these centres of vexation by his own choice. The getting there was intolerable. Why, he asks despairingly, did he ever travel? Any journey, by coach or train, was misery; and every sea trip was worse than the last. The jeremiad is continuous; no famous man of the modern age has ever approached it. And yet nothing could be stronger proof of Carlyle's mastery of the pen than the fact that all of it is still readable.

One central question is set at rest by this remarkable series of letters. No reader can doubt for a moment the mutual devotion of this unique couple. Mrs. Carlyle would write tartly on days of extreme tension or when in unbearable pain, but, with pen in hand, her husband was never lacking in patience or tenderness. For a right estimate of the life-partnership these intimate exchanges have to be set alongside Froude's double portrait that was so savagely assailed in the 1880s and afterwards. The biographer's chief defect was that he did not bring out, from the early years, the depth and intensity of Carlyle's affection, as expressed, for instance, in the spontaneity and wondrous variation of his endearments. As to the long middle stretch between

*Cromwell* and the ordeal of *Frederick the Great*, there is one thing to be said. Froude was hardly capable of copying a document with exactness, but his picture of the Chelsea interior was essentially faithful. Lady Bliss's editorial skill deserves high praise. One of the few slips is curious. On the familiar *Vanity Fair* cartoon the signature of Ape is plain, yet the drawing is ascribed to his colleague, Spy. Carlyle in the earlier years was careless in the spelling of proper names. The best plan, obviously, would have been to correct them in the text.

## Tito Speaks: His Self-Portrait and Struggle with Stalin. By Vladimir Dedijer. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 21s.

In the form of a Marxist epic narrative, a curious combination of a primitive tradition with Communist technique, this book is probably the most informative of the publications about Tito of Yugoslavia which have so far appeared in English. The story is mostly told by Tito himself with interpolations from others who have witnessed the events which are described. It is all well weighted with propaganda and ideology; nevertheless it is competently translated and unexpectedly readable, thanks to someone who has obviously done a great deal of pruning and knocked out words like 'entire' and 'colossal' as often as not.

Even for readers who squirm over the flawlessness of the Tito whom they are asked to contemplate he remains by far the most attractive of the dictators of our day and one fitted to lead a genuine revolution. A peasant who became an industrial worker with experience of many lands, he witnessed the Bolshevik revolution in Russia and revisited the U.S.S.R. at various stages; in spite of inevitable persecution from the harsh and corrupt Karageorgević regime he never lost contact with his own country for long. Finally the Axis occupation of Yugoslavia gave Tito the chance to lead the most romantic and robust of all the resistance struggles of the second world war. It is not surprising that Stalin resented his eminence.

It was in September 1944 that Tito, after taking French leave of his British friends, flew off via Rumania to Russia, and was first received by Stalin. There had been friction between them over the conduct of the Yugoslav Partisans' war for some time; now in Moscow it became clear that Tito was without the servility which Stalin required. Why, then, was the breach between Belgrade and Moscow delayed until 1948? It was because, in spite of the flaws he had perceived in the U.S.S.R., Tito had trained himself and his followers to regard Russia as the Holy Land, against which it would be blasphemy to revolt. As for the Kremlin, it becomes clear that the ideology with which Tito's excommunication was clothed had little or nothing to do with the quarrel.

After the first shock, Dedijer declares, the whole of Yugoslavia was united 'as one man' with Tito against Stalin. That sort of party rhetoric makes the truth suspect. But Dedijer's mother expressed something true when she exclaimed 'We are a very strange people. When Hitler was at the peak of his power, when the whole of continental Europe was at his feet, we tore up the pact which we had made with him. When the Americans were at the summit of their power in 1946, when everybody in the world was afraid of their atom bomb which they had dropped on Japan a year before, we

shot down their aircraft because they (had) violated our national territory. And now when Stalin is bursting with strength, we reject his ultimatum. This reminds me of little Serbia rejecting the ultimatum of the Austro-Hungarian Empire in 1914 . . .'. The Marxist may not toy with such ideas, but for the non-Marxist historian Tito is a fascinating phenomenon precisely because, half Slovene and half Croat as he is, he seems to harness the audacity of the Serbs to a certain continuity of the European tradition. Should he fail to do this the old Serbo-Croat feuds might lead again to Yugoslav disaster. Unfortunately the books which are written about Tito do not admit the existence of problems such as these.

## Into the Dangerous World By Woodrow Wyatt.

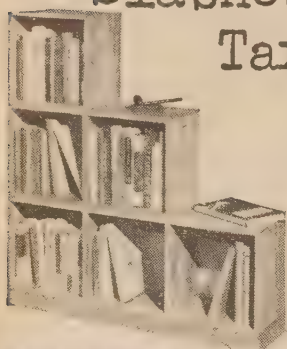
Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 15s.

Mr. Wyatt made his entry into the dangerous world in 1918, and was given his first name after the American President then concerned with the inauguration of universal peace. Into one of the newer public schools, into Oxford, into the wartime Army, into the Battle of Normandy, into the Indian problem, into Parliament for the Labour Party, into the *Keep Left* Group, out of the *Keep Left* Group, into Government and into Opposition he has picked his perilous way, to end his book upon a note of courage in the face of new dangers—and also of conviction that there is opening to Britain, 'if she will grasp the chance, an era of greatness unparalleled in her history—a greatness which can come through the exercise of her harmonising skill, of her capacity to make nations understand and tolerate each other's foibles'. Grasping this chance, it seems, is a matter of voting for the party of the author's persuasion; and this suggests the limitations of a book which is obviously written with sincerity and conviction. The manner of a manifesto does not really suit an autobiography.

It is true that Mr. Wyatt disowns the autobiographical intention, but there seems no other word for the reminiscent chapters about his childhood, his school and university and his war-time experiences. In the latter he almost begins to speak for his generation, stimulated by discussion groups in the Services and burning with the zeal for reconstruction that their fathers, too, had felt under fire. But politics closes in on him, though he contrived to edit a publication of short stories in the midst of other preoccupations. The interest really quickens with his arrival in Bombay in January 1945 on military duty. For here Mr. Wyatt becomes an absorbed and sensitive observer: even a representative one, for although he first made and later on was given unusual opportunities for studying Indian affairs there is no doubt that there were many young Englishmen like him deposited in the country by the chances of war. They looked about them, and asked questions, and made friends, and pondered great problems, and came home to be part of public opinion in a decisive period. They *liked* the Indians whom they met. They felt, as did Mr. Wyatt, more impressed by similarities than by differences, yet could still be excited by the strange beauties of the picture-book India. Being young, he found on investigation that both Congress and the Muslim League tended to be run by the elderly. He could also detect and record the attractions of the Indian



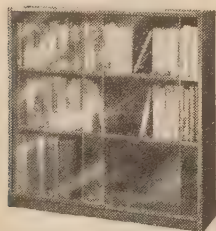
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Within the year the war had ended, the soldiers had voted and Mr. Wyatt, now a Labour M.P., was back in India with the parliamentary delegation which, he thinks, educated its members and at the same time improved the atmosphere in India. One incident in that education—the mystifying first interview of the Members with Mr. Gandhi at Madras—is an intriguing footnote to the swiftly moving history of the time; and Mr. Wyatt adds a few more in the chapter on his third visit with the Cabinet Mission in 1946. The rest of his book is a mixture of personal comment on contemporary parliamentarians in Britain with political comment in a platform style which does not hesitate to begin a paragraph: 'What, then, of the future?' Its most interesting feature is its direct assault on 'Bevanism'.

### The Missionary Factor in East Africa By Roland Oliver.

Longmans. 17s. 6d. In paper, 12s. 6d.

This carefully documented study of missionary activity both Catholic and Protestant is welcome as a step towards an ordered history of the unique happenings that led to the establishment of British rule in East Africa. Even the missionaries were slow to start in that difficult country: the lonely and ill-supported pioneers of the Church Missionary Society were Germans; two of these, Krapf and Rebmann, helped to pave the way for professional travellers like Burton and Speke, but it was Livingstone who gave the movement its real impetus.

All travellers before Livingstone had followed recognised Arab trade-routes and seen only the stronger tribes, whereas his more leisurely wandering took him among the victims of Arab-inspired slave-raiding by these dominant tribes, and set him off to fire opinion at home. His revelations started the 'great wave of missionary enthusiasm which brought it about that in the ten years before the 'scramble' of 1885 white missionaries had become the established representatives of European, and not only British, interests in all the country bordering the three great lakes. In earlier days Burton, had contrasted the 'truly noble race of Arabs' with 'the savage and selfish African', and to the end officials like Kirk believed in working with and through the Arabs.

Missionary anti-slavery influence inevitably leaned in another direction, and Mr. Oliver deals fully with Arab reactions, possibly giving Arab policy more unity and coherence than is really warranted. He steers carefully through the complicated story of the religious wars in Uganda and there is no doubting his conclusion that missionary influence on the spot and at home played a decisive part in forcing reluctant British governments to face the responsibility of giving 'protection', first to Nyasaland, later to what are now Uganda and Kenya. The next phase, continuing to 1914, is described as marking the 'zenith' of the missions, and last chapter deals topically with the relations of church and state up to the present day. There is much of interest on the missionary contribution to the East African debates of the 1920s and on the development of education policy. An account of the growth of African churches notes the danger of the process which is draining away the best educated products of the schools to work other than the ministry of the church for which the schools were originally provided.

It is ungenerous to pick faults in pioneer

work, but some were inevitable in a study concentrated on the missions which were only one factor in this complex and imperfectly understood development. The slow communications, the backwardness of the people, the total absence of governmental administration—the mere physical facts of East Africa—often took complete charge and directed missionary activities willy nilly. There being no government to take care of freed slaves, the missions were driven to herd these into institutions, and to spend a large part of their energy on maintaining such institutions as little enclaves in a pagan world—the more so as there were few strong Chiefs to play the Ethelbert to these new St. Augustines.

Uganda comes nearest to being the exception, but again it was the fertility of the country and the comparative strength of its people and institutions that not only drew missionaries but gave them a chance to work in the body politic itself. The zenith of the missions came when it did because the turn of the century was the zenith also of *laissez-faire*: administrators were so few and restricted in their activity that any constructive work that was done fell to the missionaries, who were allowed great independence, and sometimes almost temporal power. But in the later phases even missionary policy, far from being wholly detached, often took its colour from the fashion of the day.

In the upshot Mr. Oliver has the satisfaction of having helped to disentangle the elements in a story whose complications have so far defeated the editors of the *Cambridge History of the British Empire*—and made their relevant volume (the third in a series of eight) fully ten years overdue!

### The Year One. Poems by Kathleen Raine. Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.

The poetry in this volume is in a sense an ultimate poetry; its theme is the elements of the world and the immemorial act by which the soul mirrors them and responds to them. It is as nearly timeless as possible, and therefore bare; there is nothing, or only the veil that cannot dissolve, between it and certain final things, perhaps one should rather say things immovably present. These things are few, simple and enigmatical: land, water and sky, night and day, sun, rain and snow, spring and winter, mountain and plain, flower and seed, the living and the dead, and among the living grief and happiness, love and unfulfilled desire, waking and sleeping, bed and board; the catalogue could go on indefinitely. Most of the poems deal with these things by direct vision, by looking at them straight. Yet the effect is not one of simplicity (though these poems often achieve that beautiful virtue); rather it seems to make us apprehend a life behind our life, a timeless pattern.

For these universal parts of us and of the world which Miss Raine deals with are interwoven in the most intricate and mysterious ways, and the pattern has the semblance of a riddle. There is an old Scottish poem, 'The Cauld Lad o' Hilton', in which the riddle is used simply which Miss Raine uses with endless ingenuity:

Wae's me, wae's me,  
The acorn's not yet  
Fallen from the tree  
That's to grow the wood  
That's to make the cradle  
That's to rock the bairn  
That's to grow the man  
That's to lay me.

Acorn and oak and cradle and child and man and time are all woven into this strange poem. In Miss Raine's fine 'Spell of Creation' the interweaving is far more intricate; one feels indeed that it is endless and will go on, revolving with the revolution of things, beginning again from

where it ends. The first few verses give an idea of its movement:

Within the flower there lies a seed,  
Within the seed there springs a tree,  
Within the tree there spreads a wood.

In the wood there burns a fire,  
And in the fire there melts a stone,  
Within the stone a ring of iron.

Within the ring there lies an O,  
Within the O there looks an eye,  
In the eye there swims a sea,

And in the sea reflected sky,  
And in the sky there shines the sun,  
Within the sun a bird of gold.

At the end the poem returns to the seed, and the circular movement is completed. The fifth section of the 'Northumberland Sequence' uses the same pattern even more strikingly, and is the finest poem in the volume, and one of the finest that has been written in our time.

These riddles in Miss Raine's hands turn into songs, and give us the feeling not so much that she is saying them as that they are saying themselves. At their best they are as delightful as natural things. The note on the jacket says that for Miss Raine 'poetry is rather a mode of thought than a technical exercise', and adds that 'this is both the strength and the weakness of her verse'. In this volume the strength is more evident than the weakness, for the thought goes complete into the riddle and the riddle into the song. It expresses and then conceals itself. The songs are mostly without rhyme, and indeed where rhyme occurs we feel it as a faint intrusion, an embellishment where none is required. Some of the songs are quite perfect, some uneven; but the unevenness is never due to the weakness of the thought, but rather to an intrusion of the singer into songs which are singing themselves.

This is Miss Raine's best collection of poems, and shows better than the others the strength of her rare and lonely imagination. She has found a voice and a music which move us directly and at a level that most contemporary poetry leaves untouched. Her power is a power of seeing intensely what we are aware of in some part of our mind, but scarcely see at all. She is unlike any other poet of her time; yet her poetry belongs to a kind in which English poetry is rich, though the contemporary world is poor; and she is unrivalled among living poets.

### The Young Delinquent in his Social Setting. By T. Ferguson. Oxford. 10s. 6d.

Professor Ferguson of Glasgow University has followed up his study of the careers of the 1,349 boys who left school at the age of fourteen in 1947 (described in *The Young Wage-Earner* which he wrote with J. Cunison) with an investigation of the 165 boys (12.2 per cent. of the total) who had received a police conviction, overwhelmingly for theft or housebreaking, at any time between their eighth and their eighteenth birthdays. He has also included studies of the delinquents among a group of 489 physically handicapped boys from special schools (52 in all, 10.7 per cent. of the total), and of 301 mentally handicapped lads, also from special schools, who had 72 of their number (23.9 per cent.) convicted. As with the earlier study, the sociological information is woefully inadequate; we are told nothing about the origins and backgrounds of the youths studied, not even whether they are native-born or the children of immigrants, whether they are Catholic or Protestant, though considering the size of many of the families, and their church-going habits, this would seem most relevant; but in spite of these lacunae, which make the interpretation of some of the evidence difficult (if many of the





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delinquents are the children of Irish immigrants other considerations have to be taken into account than if they are native-born Scots) the study is valuable as a corrective to much of the sentimental penological literature written by psychiatrists who study only the delinquents themselves. In such literature it is a commonplace that a 'broken home' is a predisposing cause for delinquency; this study shows that though a good number of delinquents do come from broken homes, so do an equal percentage of youths who have never been in trouble with the police. Of easily measurable and ascertainable facts about the family setting, much the most certain prognosis of juvenile delinquency is the fact that other members of the family, typically elder brother or father, have a criminal record.

The results of this study are depressing, particularly for those who think of delinquency as neurotically determined and curable by kindness or psychotherapy. For what becomes clear, though the author never states this in so many words, is that delinquency is just one syndrome of general inferiority, intellectual inferiority as shown by school records, combined with physical inferiority, the under-sized and the underweight. In this context the figures for delinquency among the mentally handicapped are particularly informative. The morons, the boys with I.Q.s of 50 or less have no convictions; and the number and proportion of convictions rise with I.Q. scores, with the highest proportion in the 70-89 range, which shades into the low-grade 'normals' who also have the highest rate of conviction.

These puny and stupid young criminals tend to come from large families living in overcrowded rooms, in disgusting slums, the father unskilled or semi-skilled, with long records of unemployment, and with other criminals in the family. The boys themselves, when they work, work in unskilled but often overpaid jobs, changing work frequently and acquiring neither skill nor trade. It seems difficult to avoid the conclusion that most of these young delinquents manifest genetic inferiority; the inferiority of the parental generation in turn determines that they grow up in the most unfavourable environment possible. By some ingenious calculations Professor Ferguson concludes that if it were possible to move all families from the slums to housing estates, and if the removed families adapted themselves to the behaviour typical of the present inhabitants of these estates, juvenile delinquency would be reduced by one-fifth.

Besides the studies of the sample, there is an introductory chapter on the history of the treatment of juvenile delinquents in Glasgow over the last century; and a short chapter on the response to treatment by the judicial authorities. The most notable results from this section of the study is the fact that there are few subsequent convictions when the parents of the delinquent are fined or 'bound to find caution'; that there are a considerable number of subsequent convictions when the offender is simply admonished from the bench; but far fewer when he is put on probation. There is not very much in this study which will be completely novel to the student of juvenile delinquency; but by placing the delinquents in their social context, by using the same criteria to study the delinquents and the law-abiding in the same sample, a most useful perspective has been given to a vexed and vexatious subject.

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Mr. Quennell is one of our easiest writers. There is no trace, in the essays, prefaces, and reviews which make up this book, of the long agony of composition. He never glares at us, red-eyed, from the far side of a desk strewn with

reference-books. He comes to us fresh, it would seem, from the alcove or the faro-table; and he expects us, *mutatis mutandis*, to be in the same condition. We are launched with a few generalities, or a vivid magnesium-flash of biographical matter; and then, unhurriedly, Mr. Quennell examines a book or a person and gives us just as much as our delicate stomachs will stand.

Or perhaps it is not we, but his editors, who have decreed that so many of these essays shall stop just when our interest has been really engaged. The eighteen-hundredth word comes down like a guillotine in the essays on Tourneur, Gérard de Nerval, Hobhouse, Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, and Borrow; and the longest essay in the book—that on H. G. Wells—drops dead on its fifteenth page. This enforced brevity has its drawbacks: some of these *quenelles* peter out, if one may so put it, almost before they are put on one's plate. This essayist is like a swordsman whose preliminary passes excite us to admiration—and a flicker, perhaps, of premonitory fear; but when the moment comes for blood to flow, and all to be staked upon a decisive thrust, Mr. Quennell inclines to throw away his rapier and take the next train home.

To compare his essay on Joubert with Sainte-Beuve's is to see a difference, not only in length, but in humanity. Sainte-Beuve has an eye as sharp as Mr. Quennell's for the revealing oddities of character; and, like our contemporary, he turns, at moments of indecision, to the well-sounding elegiac phrase; but, whereas the Monday-Master works his way through the subject, relating it meanwhile to the whole of European civilisation, Mr. Quennell relies upon a neat antithesis and an ingenious choice of subsidiary detail. The Friday Buttonhole is what results. It is a form which arouses curiosity, but cannot satisfy it; and which calls for knowledge, intelligence, wit, wide powers of reference and a sense of the world, but cannot allow any of these qualities their full stretch. It is not Mr. Quennell who is faulted by *The Singular Preference*, but the literary machine which condemns so gifted a writer to re-publish work which, by his own best standards, is hasty and trivial.

### Democracy and Foreign Policy: a Case History. By R. Bassett. Longmans. 42s.

Since 1914 we have all learnt the power of the Great Lies. In the propaganda techniques of war and in the fascist attacks on 'Jewish capitalism' or the Communist attacks on 'bourgeois thinking' we have seen that Great Lies can win empires wider than Caesar ever knew. Sometimes we may think that western civilisation is an oasis of little truths in a desert of whopping lies. And indeed the survival of western civilisation depends upon that being partly true. It is by our small and continuous little truths that we will live.

It is for this reason among many others that Mr. Bassett's clear, complete, and superbly documented study of a brief period of political discussion in this country is so valuable. He has devoted some 600 pages to an analysis of the relation between policy and 'opinion' in one phase of British foreign policy—that relating to the Manchurian crisis of 1931-1933. He has chosen so brief a period because it is almost complete in itself and he has studied it with such care because if justice were not merely to be done but to be clearly seen to be done it was essential that he provide a detailed analysis of the criticism in parliament, the press and books which was made at every stage of the crisis under review. In this way and in this way only is it possible for him to lay bare the process by which a creeping barrage of little lies and plausible half truths can in a comparatively short time obliterate the most obvious truths.

In short, Mr. Bassett has made a study of the

growth of myth not by the deliberate efforts of a Ministry of Propaganda, but by the play of the passions of ordinary men on and around the facts before them. He makes it clear how round some worthy heads the bees buzz so loud that the heads are quite unable to hear what is being said, while others have their eyes fixed so earnestly on a heavenly city that they can see neither the well at their feet nor the lions in the way. He shows too how the almost venal distortions of the contemporary critics become the basis for later mythologies which play a harmful part in our political life. The particular labour of Hercules Mr. Bassett has accomplished is to unravel the pedigree of the myth that when Japan invaded Manchuria she might have been stopped by the united nations had not the forensic skill of Sir John Simon stopped the League from taking action and had he not spurned the offer of decisive help from the United States.

Mr. Bassett is concerned with a special case of the operation of a widespread inter-war belief that 'the application of a Covenant designed to prevent war could not lead to war'. He writes 'with malice towards none, with charity for all'. He writes with a deeply felt and superbly controlled passion for political truth. He writes too with great courage because he has to show the weakness and the failings of many important persons and powerful newspapers and journals. He could have written a devastating pamphlet. But a pamphlet after a brief notoriety can be ignored. This piece of thorough scholarship cannot. For whoever may hereafter write either on this particular Manchurian episode or on the general problem of the relation between foreign policy and opinion implicit in it will have to consider the completely documented case Mr. Bassett has made. This is a 'case study' in the full sense of that term. In no future case can it be ignored.

### Henry James. By Michael Swan. Barker. 7s. 6d.

Henry James, that sharp and subtle observer of a way and place of life that never became entirely his own even after many years of living in England and in Europe beyond the Channel, has now been included in 'The English Novelists' series. Mr. Michael Swan has had the somewhat unrewarding task of examining, in the compass of a hundred pages, a writer who is complex in style and attitude of mind; and also of relating those incidents of James' life that have bearing on his work. It is in the examination of James' divided mind that Mr. Swan is perhaps most interesting: he writes well, and with understanding, of this division that increased the complexity of his work—the uneasy tug between Europe and the America he abandoned, or tried to, not only physically; the fine tensions between individuals and society. For James was essentially a moralist, with a Puritan cast, and was, as Mr. Swan shows, more concerned with man as a social being than some critics have supposed; concerned, too, not only with the leisured, cultured classes. Mr. Swan names that remarkable short story, 'The Bench of Desolation', and the novel *The Princess Casamassima*, as evidence of James' interest in another kind of society; he was also aware of the sickness and decline of the civilisation that he knew.

In his final chapter Mr. Swan writes that all the protagonists of the major novels have a similar destiny, and 'all suffer in a similar fashion by their incapacity to handle their destiny'. This may seem a simplification, but it is certainly true that destiny does not take hold of James' characters any more than they succeed in handling it; there is no sense of tragic necessity in his novels: James was too sceptical and probing a writer to present inevitability of this kind.



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## TELEVISION

### The Trick of Personality

'JUST ONE OF THE RUINS that Cromwell knocked abahtha bit' . . . it was Miss Pat Kirkwood singing it this time, and very well too; if with something snappier and sharper than the great original, perhaps. Yet the words had a wider and



Joseph Tomelty as John Clarke and Sheila Manahan as Eileen in 'The Gentle Maiden'

more sinister significance than they can ever have had in the mouth of Our Marie Lloyd. It was an evening of many disasters, starting with a breakdown and, perhaps in a gallant effort to avoid dilly-dallying on the way, then rushing too fast from *cliché* to *cliché* through snappy scenes which may at some stage have seemed ambitious but worth while, but were now quite often as nearly meaningless as anything well could be. The effort of keeping up with the sort of smartly edited canonisation of some third-rate American king of Tin-Pan-Alley which we have to put up with in the cinema was unfortunate. Something much simpler; a better script, an absolute avoidance of that pernicious assumption that 'period', especially Edwardian, is *ipso facto* funny; and reliance on the songs to carry the evening (as they well might have), and the result might have been better. Miss Kirkwood, on stage and in song, came over; off stage, in scenes of matrimonial dispute, and even in that celebrated interview where she was vetted for purity by a committee (apparently containing Mrs. Ormison Chant), Miss Kirkwood was hardly the thing. But she had everything against her.

Was it worth raking all this up? Who, under forty-five, has any real memories of Marie Lloyd? I think the time and trouble would be more fittingly spent on a canonisation of one of those figures, the beloved personalities which the B.B.C. has itself created for us and the *Daily Mail* honours for us; the demigods of the ether, our national Gladys Young, our ubiquitous Doctor Johnson, Mr. Harding. Why not a whole evening devoted to dramatising the life of such celebrities—the newer ones not forgotten? The rise, say, of Ghislaine Alexander or Eamonn Andrews? What is more, in such sagas, the original personalities could be used and might be entrusted to emerge far more brilliantly than all these people impersonating other people, Marie Lloyd, Jane Austen, Robbie Burns, Mrs. Brown-ing and all such, who take up so many inches of our screens.

The emergence of personality is a very tricky thing on television and a mystery to me, though not, I hasten to add, a holy mystery. I only half subscribe to the idea that there is some mystic bond between live performers and a live audience. May it not be just a trick, a sort of mass-delusion which can be induced just as easily by the purely mechanical assemblage of lengths of film or the reproduction of a series of varying lines on the end of a cathode tube? But then, why do some people come across on television and some not?

I have this week in the theatre been watching for the hundredth time Miss Ruth Draper and for the hundredth time I have been subjugated. She simply puts a spell on the audience, who watch her (often quite banal) material as if it were the essence of high comedy or deep tragedy. But I well remember that when we saw Miss Draper on the television screen, all we saw was a distinguished American lady of a certain age doing passable impressions. Nor, in my view, did Emlyn Williams pass the television test with his Dickens.

It was therefore with some mistrust that I

settled down to see what would happen to Joyce Grenfell. Result: an almost perfect reproduction of the success she obtains in a theatre, the personality undimmed. I do not understand it. Some of Miss Grenfell's material struck me as probably a bit 'too near home' to amuse large numbers of viewers, but that is an endearing fault. The set was unduly fussy; she is at her



Pat Kirkwood as Marie Lloyd in 'Our Marie' on February 8

best before a plain curtain. But success was certainly hers.

Another personality who comes over strongly is John Slater: his Cockney monologue 'Apples a pound Pears' shows only the slightest signs of strain and might well continue for all eternity, as far as I can see, like Mrs. Dale and the Archers. Not that this is the best thing in 'Kaleidoscope'. This programme has either improved or my taste has taken a further dive: I positively enjoyed it last time: not merely because of the triumph of the lady from Doncaster who without a flicker of hesitation identified such esoteric things as the Mona Lisa, the Venus from Milo and Tchaikovsky's 'Romeo and Juliet', but because the forced note which used to jar seems absent now most of the time. Mr. Waldman, too, came over agreeably.

Some of the plays have been good, some rather weak. The Irish piece, 'The Gentle Maiden', brought two accomplished players before us; Joseph Tomelty and Sheila Manahan. The theme—surely becoming a bore—of the play 'Number Three' was love among the atom scientists; the start was uphill work, with love-sick researchers and high jinks in the canteen, but as the melodrama



'The Other Dear Charmer', with (left to right) Helena Gloag as Miss Nimmo, Moultrie Kelsall as the Rev. J. Kemp, Iris Russell as Mrs. Agnes Maclehoose, and George Davies as Lord Craig



put on speed and we rushed toward the danger of an idealistic lady scientist sending the research station sky-high, the acting and dialogue began to seem adequate and even convincing. Atom scientists turn up also in the current serial, in which Donald Houston plays a worried and not as yet very bright sleuth. Surely it is time we had either an opera or a ballet about atoms as well?

Nothing in the matter of drama has come out better than the Scots offering 'The Other Dear Charmer', a keek at Rabbie Burns' private life which had dignity, human feeling, and a really literate script by Robert Kemp. It deserves repeating.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

## BROADCAST DRAMA

### Radio-Active

AFTER 'SHEPPEY' IN 1933, Somerset Maugham said that he had written his last play. Unlike certain old actors, given to annual 'farewells', Maugham kept faith. But he has allowed other dramatists to quarry in his books, so that, now and then, we have a new play that is from Maugham but not by him. In bringing to radio the ironies of 'Cakes and Ale' (Home), Howard Agg pleased many, eager to be reminded of Ted Driffeld and the skeleton in the cupboard. 'Cakes and Ale' could have no stage life; on the air, when the coldly watchful Ashenden is narrating (as he should), it teases the imagination. We can all form our picture of the married life of Driffeld, G.O.M. of letters, and his first wife, the barmaid Rosie.

The shadow of Driffeld looms over the play. Although he does not speak we feel that he stands amusedly somewhere in the background; and we recall Ashenden's surprise at the luncheon party when the old man 'gave me a little wink'. It was so quick that nobody but I could have caught it, and so unexpected in that distinguished old face that I could hardly believe my eyes. Throughout the radio-play we sensed that little wink. As in the book, a too tactful biographer, Alroy Kear, seeks to reconcile the Driffeld legend (fostered by a second wife) with a variety of disconcerting facts. Ashenden, who has a chill superiority that I find trying, keeps guard with the air of a man who knows. Since Maugham has denied that he had anybody special in mind, we need not regard the play as an identification parade: it is simply an artful piece of narrative which Mr. Agg, his producer (Val Gielgud), and his principal actors have treated with the needful precision. I liked the edge on the voice of Michael Hordern's Ashenden, and the fussiness of Laidman Browne's Alroy Kear (of whom Maugham says, 'He would use a man very shabbily without afterwards bearing him the slightest ill-will'). Joyce Barbour had the warmth for Rosie, a character that, in the radio version, develops less well than the others. I was sorry that the play could not have ended, as the book does, on Rosie's line (upon 'Lord George'): 'I'll tell you; he was always such a perfect gentleman'. But, all said, it proved to be an uncommonly sharp evening.

Another form of radio-play, possible only on the air, was 'Full Cry' (Home). A prisoner escaped from a criminal lunatic asylum: as he pressed back towards the scene of the crime for which he was taken, the police closed in. We had a long skein of telephone calls, messages between H.Q. and various radio-cars; it was less of a play than a 'documentary', closely detailed in David H. Godfrey's production. Unluckily, the dramatist, Elleston Trevor, had felt obliged to fit a plot into the show of technical fact: this was sad. Dorothy Green had to end the evening with an improbable sacrifice that deflated the piece just when we had been expecting a final

excitement. All went blithely during the chase of the Mad Gardener: the last ten minutes were fatal.

Again radio has cheered the student—now with Heinrich von Kleist's comedy, 'Too Often to the Well' (Third). This is a rarity, from 1808, that turned out happily, though one had doubted at first whether so slender a branch of plot could hold the weight of the play for seventy-five minutes. It is the tale of a country judge who, under the gaze of a visiting inspector, must try someone for an offence of which he knows himself to be guilty. The judge is a man of gallant resource: as acted by Frank Pettingell, we felt for him while he stumbled from pillar to post, post to pillar. William Fox knew the tone for the probing inspector, worrying terrier-like at the truth.

In a packed feature, 'Sleep' (Home), Brandon Acton-Bond and Ian Curtis considered so carefully the problem of our nightly unconsciousness that, later, I could not get a wink for hours. I envied Mark Dignam, whom we had heard on the way (most plausibly) to inevitable sleep as a 'Mr. Partington of Bristol'. Why the name? Did Mr Acton-Bond think of the woman who tried to push back another ocean?

J. C. TREWIN

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### The Doldrums

Huddled together as we are on this critical hearth, it is only to be expected that we should catch each other's ailments. Last week my dramatic colleague, as he told us, was confined to the sick-room: this week, with pathological precision, I follow suit. But I cannot corroborate his account of the effect of illness on the critical ear. He became hyperconscious, he says, of his likes and dislikes, while I, although acutely hypersensitive, have disliked my likes almost as much as my dislikes. My impulse was to take a hatchet to my set and smash it to a frazzle. Earlier in the week, it is true, before the disease had got its teeth into me, I listened, bland and relaxed, to 'A Field in Dorset', a programme written by Ralph Wightman and Brandon Acton-Bond and first broadcast in October 1951. The merit of this piece was that it kept me pleased, interested, and attentive for three-quarters of an hour, although it was totally without drama or shape or any of the supposed requisites of a successful radio programme. It was, in fact, simply a lot of talk split up among a lot of talkers about a field in Dorset, and its outstanding virtue was that it built up in the mind of the listener a profound sense of the English countryside. It had, in fact, only one fault and that was the bursts of glaringly inappropriate music which from time to time shattered the unity of the atmosphere.

Two nights later I was on 'A Journey in Malaya' under the stirring guidance of René Cutforth, an experience not calculated to keep my temperature down. The programme was extraordinarily successful in conveying an impression of the heat, the exhaustion, the constant insecurity and the swarming vegetation of the jungle, and also of the numerous people and establishments, official and private, whom and which he visited. Was it this experience, too thrilling perhaps for my condition, that made 'Encounters of Belief', which followed it an hour later, seem rather heavy going? Not entirely, I believe. Nor was it only my feeble and querulous condition that made me damn as dull Professor W. G. Holford's talk, in 'Prospect', on the recently published High Paddington scheme. One cannot, of course, be passionately interested in everything and for me the technical problems of town planning and 'high density building' are not high on the list of my hobbies.

This and my indisposition doubtless account for some of my failure to appreciate this talk, but I must add in self-defence that a contributing cause was the lack of vitality in Professor Holford's delivery. In a broadcast, this quality, or lack of quality, is extremely infectious. It is almost as if one's radio set were pumping a mild anaesthetic into the room.

As for 'Encounters of Belief'—this was the first programme of an extensive and carefully planned series and so it is too early for the critic to criticise. In this first programme the subject to be introduced was humanism, the view that human life is sufficient unto itself without belief in God and a life after death. There were four speakers: H. J. Blackham, secretary to the Ethical Union, who presented the case for humanism; Philip Toynbee; Fr. Vincent Turner, S.J.; and Professor Basil Willey—a good team. My feeling that the going was rather heavy was due, other things included, to the fact that Mr. Blackham, as the speaker who had to state the case, had the lion's share of the talking. The others did little more than interject agreement or disagreement. If it had been a single talk and not the first of a series, Mr. Blackham's monologues would have been quite disproportionate, but I am ready to believe that as the series progresses it will become plain that what at first seemed a fault will be felt to be a necessary and inevitable part of a plan, which is certainly a very interesting and a very ambitious one.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

## BROADCAST MUSIC

### Verdi from Wales

IT IS ALWAYS a good thing to keep an eye on that side-column in *Radio Times* headed 'In Other Home Services'. Neglect to do this nearly deprived me of the most interesting experience of the week. I had settled down to Wednesday's performance of Carl Orff's 'Carmina Burana', wondering why this crude and rather brutish work should have been revived and given two performances, when my eye caught in that left-hand column under *Welsh* the word 'Nabucco'. Being within earshot of the Principality I quickly found myself in the middle of the first act of Verdi's opera sung by the Welsh National Opera Company, who gave it its first performance in English last year.

And very well sung it was, so that I could not help regretting that this full-blooded performance was not made available to all the Home Services. The Abigail of Ruth Packer alone warranted the widest audience, a performance of real dramatic power and vocal splendour. As Nabucco sane, Tom Williams dominated his scenes, but he could have won more pity for the mad king bullied by the wicked usurper. Fenena and Zaccaria were very capably sung by Joan Stephens and Hervey Alan, and Tano Ferendinos filled in the rather insignificant tenor part with lyrical singing. Perhaps because one expected great things of a Welsh chorus, I was on the whole disappointed, except in the nostalgic 'Va Pensiero', and the orchestral playing was often rough. Still, if this was a typical performance of this young company, some of its senior rivals must look to their laurels.

I listened to Orff's work on the following evening, without getting to like it any more than I did when it was first broadcast from Germany or in a German recording. Its abnegation of centuries of musical experience is all very well as a gesture against academicism or decadent over-complexity. But artlessness, though it fits well enough these student songs, soon becomes boring. In his simple harmony and the plain diatonicism of his melody, Orff seems to have anticipated Britten's choral style; but he lacks the real invention and imagination in





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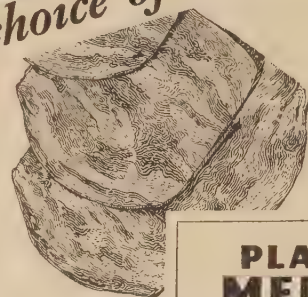
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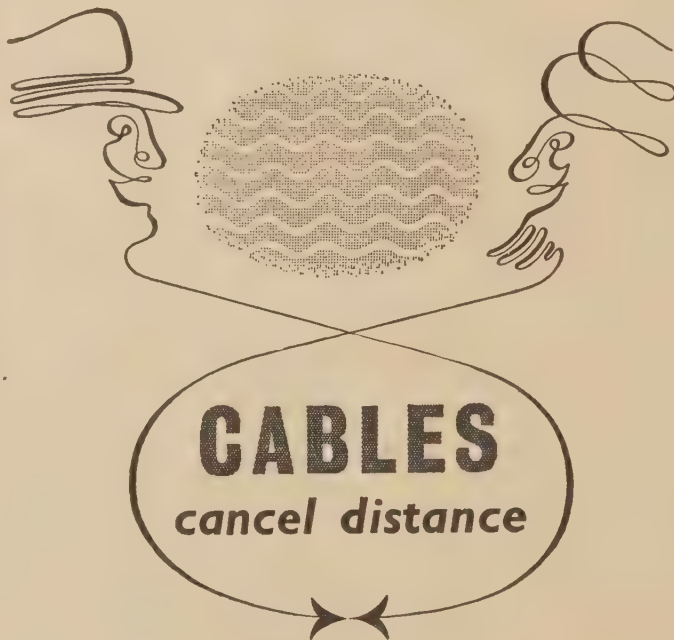
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the manipulation of simple material which makes our English composer's 'Spring Symphony' shine out as a masterpiece. Only in the 'Swan Song', sung by that bird before it is eaten, does the German composer display an imaginative touch.

An older German composer, Schumann, has occupied a good many evening hours of late. Last week I heard Hans Hotter sing the 'Dichterliebe' cycle. The singer focused his voice to the miniature scale and so avoided that

'woodiness' which has marred some of his recent Wagnerian performances. His interpretation, to which he did not sacrifice beauty of tone, was sensitive and his diction admirably clear. Of the pianists who have expounded Schumann I heard the veteran Adelina de Lara playing with remarkable freshness and charm a programme containing the three 'Romanzen', Op. 28, and the three 'Phantasistücke', Op. 111, both works off the well-beaten track and each a coherent composition in three movements. The pianist

was particularly happy in the gentle poetry of the A flat Phantasistück and in its forceful sequel showed no lack of power.

On Saturday Eduard van Beinum took the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra through sound performances of a Haydn Symphony and of Debussy's 'La Mer', which just lacked the final glow of imagination, before introducing us to a new symphony by Paul Ben-Haim, which seemed to me rather colourless.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## Tippett's 'Ritual Dances'

By SCOTT GODDARD

'A Child of Our Time' will be broadcast at 8.0 p.m. on Tuesday, February 17, and 7.5 p.m. on Friday, February 20; and the Ritual Dances from 'The Midsummer Marriage' at 8.15 p.m. on Thursday, February 19 (all Third)

WHEN Michael Tippett's oratorio 'A Child of Our Time' first appeared in 1944 it had the impact of a political manifesto and the force of a particularly personal message. The political aspect still remains strong; things have not so changed in the intervening years that we may soothe our consciences by imagining that such happenings as drove the child of that time to the swift precipice of revenge, and brought him and his to ruin, may no longer occur. But apart from politics, the musical aspect of the oratorio, to which in those bitter days we were blinded, has become clearer, its quality more potent. The spirituals which then bothered some of us seem now perfectly apt in this tale of oppression. As for the vocal writing, the choral writing especially, that now is outstanding, as sure in effect as it is masterly in execution, some of the most daring and yet most successful of its kind. Here there is notable originality of vision and thought, qualities that have always informed Tippett's finest music and appear strikingly in such works as this oratorio, the Concerto for Double String Orchestra, the Symphony, and the new opera.

The four Ritual Dances from his recently finished first opera entitled 'The Midsummer Marriage' appear on a superficial glance to approximate to the movements of a symphony. The accepted perspectives of classic symphonic construction seem to be there: a first movement, a slow movement, a scherzo, a finale. An annotator might easily be led to hunt this false trail, for all that that scent is already cold. But the composer has set him right when he says, in a note that I have been privileged to study, that the music is in itself not at all symphonic but, since it belongs intrinsically to the domain of opera, narrative. That places the dances once and for all. At the same time it banishes symphony from the domain of the descriptive, the narrative—Vaughan Williams' Sea Symphony, his 'Sinfonia Antartica', Mahler's Eighth, Beethoven's Ninth and even his Third—and leaves it in the clear atmosphere of the abstract, which was once held, and is still admitted, to be its real, certainly its pristine, condition.

But, as has been lately proved in the case of Vaughan Williams' 'Sinfonia Antartica', the dividing line between suite and symphony is shadowy and deceptive, especially in these days when symphonies can have any number of movements either more or less than the accepted classic four, can be partly or wholly choral, and can 'tell' not one but many minutely described tales. Although one must perforce accept the composer's description of the Ritual Dances as being narrative, one may be allowed to think of them, in the privacy of one's silent mind, as

symphonic because this music has a logic of its own greater than the narrative built out of its successive parts. At the end, one is left with the impression of having witnessed not only a series of contests between characters in a plot, but the development of a man's thought as he ponders over those intense conflicts, watches them and notes them down in music. What is this, if not the working of a symphonic mind?

The composer was right and fair to warn us not to be misled into considering the four dance movements as a symphony. Yet the clear logic of the writing makes the set of dances into something other than a suite, something more profound than a narration with all that term implies in the way of comment on every turn and twist of the tale; something which, except perhaps in mere duration which in itself is no particularly lofty standard of value, has all the characteristics of philosophic attention and enquiry that are associated with the idea of symphony. Such constructional devices as ground bass and canon are employed; but, for all their relationship to earlier forms and textures, they are not foreign to symphony, and indeed startling examples of precisely those methods exist in symphony, their original simplicity transformed, their impact reinforced as a result of later discoveries in the techniques of orchestral presentation.

Thus, while allowing these four dances to be narrative stage music, we have to insist also that the quality of the writing is in essence symphonic. It is the work of a mind that enquires into matters beyond the confines of the suite and is not content with an unregulated sequence of four unrelated dances. The relationship between the four is close. They can justifiably be taken out of the context of the opera and listened to on their own and for themselves. But they cannot be really understood as dramatic narrative except in reference to the opera itself, and it is necessary therefore to know what the general situation of the opera is in order to discover the particular situations of the dances.

'The Midsummer Marriage' is a quest story, as is 'The Magic Flute'. Here also there are two couples, contrasted more than opposed; the social couple (Bella, the pretty secretary, and Jack, the handsome mechanic), the grand, the 'marvellous' couple (Jennifer and Mark).

In such a tale Time, as we understand it, has no control over the ageless experience of the protagonists in the story, nor have these happenings any reference to our idea of Time. Today and the beginnings of Time are one; the natural and the supernatural inevitably and easily mingle. Men become as spirits, spirits as men. There is no dividing line between the spiritual and the animal in man or in beast. The hound hunting the hare in autumn, the otter hunting the fish in

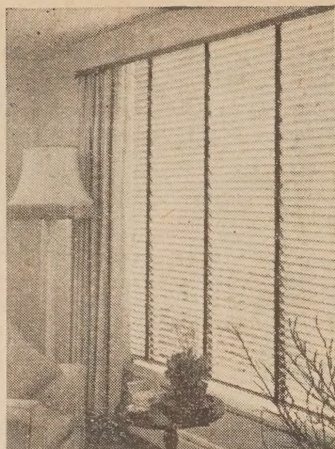
winter, the hawk hunting the bird in spring, which are the subject of the first three of the dances, all these are manifestations of the urge towards ultimate fulfilment which culminates in the fourth dance, the voluntary human sacrifice in summer, which is the ritual marriage, at the time of 'St. John's fire, in the desert in the night'. The opera is planned in two large acts with a shorter act between. It is in this Second Act that the first three dances appear; the last belongs to the Third Act and the consummation of the tale. The four dances are allied to the seasons and the elements, as their titles show; the Earth in Autumn (hound hunting hare), the Waters in Winter (otter after fish), the Air in Spring (hawk over bird), Fire in Summer. The composer describes the situation in these words: 'The story begins with a Prelude to the midsummer afternoon...' (immediately previous to this, the girl Bella, the huntress in that couple, has run the boy Jack to earth and they have disappeared into the midsummer wood) '... and then by way of a tiny motive on the celesta we pass into the world of magic and myth'. And so the dances begin.

Before each of the first three there is 'a preparation' which before Dances 1 and 2 takes the form of a short, vigorous *allegretto* based on flashing semiquaver figures; before the third dance the introductory movement is different, an *allegro* that begins gently; but it too becomes vigorous as it prepares for the hawk's hunt of the bird. Hunters and hunted are clearly delineated. In the first dance there is a long ground bass which is the hound tracking its prey by scent; while the hare runs in *presto* flute semiquavers. In the second dance there is the slow flow of the river, the sound of a pair of solo clarinets for the darting fish and more deliberate and tense rhythms on strings and wind for the otter. In the third dance the bird flies back and forth over the newly sown cornfield to an oboe melody; the hawk's swoop is strings and muted brass. The final dance brings in the chorus. Then, with the music of the first Prelude, the dances end 'like the shutting of a story book: the world of magic and myth fading away on the muted horns'.

The February number of *The Geographical Magazine* (price 2s. 6d.) contains an article by Richard Scott, Diplomatic Correspondent of *The Manchester Guardian*, on the background to the fishing disputes between Britain and Norway, and Brit in and Iceland. Other contributions include an article by Ian Stephens on the isolated provinces of Hunza and Nagir, near the Kashmir cease-fire line; 'Carnival at Tepoztlau' by Michael Swan; and 'Leonardo da Vinci—Geographer' by Harry Robison. The number is—as usual with this magazine—beautifully illustrated.



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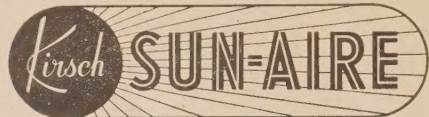


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For the Housewife

# Making Cabbage Appetising

By BEE NILSON

I WISH sometimes that cooks would treat our copious winter supplies of fresh vegetables with more respect, and use a little more imagination in the ways they serve them. Why, for example, in the year 1953, are we still getting the wet sloppy heaps of a vegetable that once was a fine, fresh, green cabbage: a wet heap of something that tastes of nothing but sulphur and bicarbonate of soda, and which as far as nourishment is concerned is not much better than a bit of old straw from last year's harvest? Can customers in restaurants really prefer it this way or have they never had a chance to taste cabbage properly cooked?

Properly cooked cabbage has first of all been shredded coarsely before cooking, then put in just enough boiling salted water to prevent burning, and cooked fast with the lid on until it is tender but not mushy and is still a good, natural green. Then it is drained of any small amount of water left in the pan. A knob of margarine or butter or dripping is put in the pan and melted. Meanwhile the cabbage is shaken gently in the colander, not battered and beaten to mush. Then it is quickly tipped back into the pan and mixed with the melted fat, and served at once.

If you want to turn cabbage into a dish for lunch or supper, why not serve it with a cheese sauce as cabbage *au gratin*? Everybody knows cauliflower with cheese sauce, but why always cauliflower? Why not cabbage? It makes a change and costs much less. And while I am on the subject of vegetables and cheese sauce, I suggest you try celery or sprouts or leeks or onions or chicory. All are very good served this way.

What else can we do with cabbage? Why not try it fried? Shred it fairly finely. Chop a little onion and fry the onion in some fat. Then add the cabbage, a little salt and pepper, and perhaps some chopped bacon or a pinch of mace or nutmeg. No water is used, but put on the lid and cook gently in its own steam until it is just tender. You will need to shake the pan occasionally to prevent sticking, and you will not be able to do it if you have a very thin pan and a fierce heat. A thick pan and a gentle heat is the secret.

And what about a cabbage soup? Make it in the usual way for a vegetable soup, using a little onion, shredded cabbage, and stock. You can add small pieces of breakfast sausage or frankfurters just before serving. Or you can add some raw

grated beetroot to the cabbage. This makes it a lovely colour and it tastes very good.

We have not exhausted the cabbage possibilities yet. There are, for example, stuffed cabbage leaves, cabbage with bacon sauce, cabbage with sour-sweet sauce, and many lovely cabbage salads.

—Home Service

## Notes on Contributors

A. P. d'ENTRÈVES (page 247): Serena Professor of Italian Studies, Oxford University; author of *Reflections on the History of Italy*, etc.

SIR LEWIS NAMIER (page 251): Professor of Modern History, Manchester University; author of *In the Nazi Era, Europe in Decay 1936-40*, *Diplomatic Prelude 1938-39*, etc.

SIR WILLIAM HOLFORD (page 257): Professor of Town Planning, University College, London; Town Planning consultant to the City of London; author of *Reconstruction in the City of London*, *Civic Design*, etc.

REV. R. GREGOR SMITH (page 259): managing director and editor of the Student Christian Movement Press; translator of works of Martin Buber

## Crossword No. 1,189. Wheels Within—III. By Trochos

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, February 19

Outer circle and third circle (both clockwise, from 1): Quotation from a poetical work (omitting two consecutive words which do not affect the sense). There is an apostrophe after 44 (outer), and this word continues into the third circle.

Second circle (when numbered): Mixed letters of the person referred to in the quotation, consisting of three words (as numbered).

Centre circle (anti-clockwise, from 1): Common word, containing two vowels.

Clues (1 to 48) are from works of verse or the Bible, except 47, which is from a Shakespeare play. Answers, each of five letters, running from circumference to centre, are all mixed.

- CLUES
- I come to pluck your berries — and crude.
  - And after, ere the night is born, Do — come out about the corn?
  - If hopes were dupes, fears may be —.
  - We are selfish men; Oh! — us up, return to us again.
  - Be thou free To spill the venom when thy — o'erflow.
  - I freed the Cham, Last June, from his huge swarms of —.
  - And from the craggy ledge the poppy — in sleep.
  - I commend your pains; And every one shall share 't the —.
  - Yet must Antony No way excuse his —, when we do bear So great weight in his lightness.
  - Gold doubloons and double-moidores, — d'ors and portagues.
  - Wi dom, deeper than the sea, . . . — down into a cup of tea
  - What ills the scholar's life assail, Toil, envy, want, the patron and the — [plural]
  - Through the long-drawn — and fretted vault.
  - When his juicy salads failed, —d carrot pleased him well.
  - Through the darkening fields have seen thee roam, Or cross a — into the public way.
  - Of — thee, nymph, and bring with thee Jest and youthful jollity.
  - 17.
  - Four young Oysters hurried up, All eager for the —.
  - The p — Genesee Hell-raked them till they rolled Blood, water, fruit and corpses up the hold.
  - That deep romantic chasm which — Down the green hill.
  - 21.
  - Yet half a — is the great god Pan.
  - Thou, silent form, dost — us out of thought.
  - Who steals my purse, steals —.
  - Of at the — the wind can blow I dearly like the West.
  - At six they went fishing, at nine they —d Young foxes in the dells.
  - Died Adonais; till the Future — Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be An echo.
  - Water, water, everywhere And all the —s did shrink.
  - By each gun the lighted — In a bold determined hand.
  - Oh Plato! . . . You're —, A charlatan, a coxcomb! [2 words]
  - This house is but a butchery: — it, fear it, do not enter it.
  - Or, — of sorrow done, Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.
  - Every shepherd — his tale under the hawthorn.
  - of her — they were, spirit of her spirit.
  - Shared in the work of his own hands, Higgaion —.
  - The — of Greece, Where burning Sappho loved.

- Anu plucked his gown, to share the good man's —.
- From the proud mart of —, Queen of the western waves.
- And Christabel awoke and — The same who lay down by her side.
- Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, And the round — and the living air.
- When . . . he calls for drink, I'll have prepared him A chalice for the —.
- There is a woman that hath a familiar spirit at —.
- They kept the noiseless — of their way.
- I long — your daughter, my suit you denied.
- And Thought leapt out — with Thought. [2 words]
- It out —s —.
- 'Twas only by favour of mine', quoth he, ' — so long alive'. [Why not! —2 words]

## Solution of No. 1,187

B	T	S	W	N	M	N	G	L	S	S
M	D	T	R	R	N	L	L	W	L	N
B	R	N	D	S	D	M	T	R	C	L
L	S	S	S	P	R	S	C	T	S	B
T	H	R	W	T	S	C	M	P	R	S
T	R	T	R	D	G	L	S	R	N	L
M	T	S	S	S	M	C	T	C	F	L
B	R	N	H	R	T	T	R	S	H	R
R	N	G	F	N	D	R	H	T	R	D
T	R	T	R	D	C	T	H	L	L	N
G	R	N	R	P	N	D	C	R	T	L
S	P	N	S	T	R	S	H	S	H	R

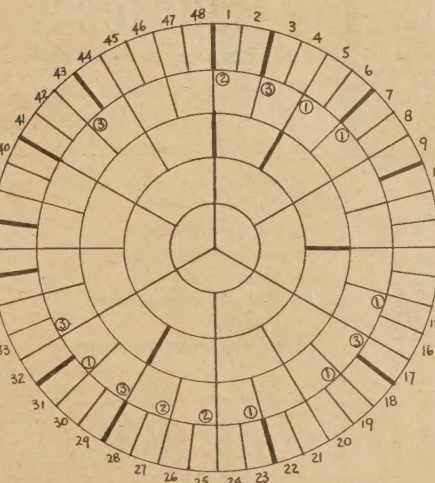
## NOTES—ACROSS

- Boatswain (Byron).
- meaningless.
- Mediterranean.
- Llewelyn.
- Brands.
- diametrically.
- Ulysses, losses, lasses.
- persecute, prosecute.
- sobs.
- through-out.
- comparison.
- Tartar (Shirley), torure.
- Douglas.
- Arnold.
- metastasis.
- emaciate.
- ac-floe.
- Byron.
- hortatory.
- Shirley (Bronte).
- range-finder.
- heterodox.
- re-trodden.
- Cu hulin.
- Geryon, groan, green.
- 33, repined, reopened.
- cur-tailed, cartilag.
- spinstress.
- sharer, sharer.

## DOWN

- bombilate.
- Tudorish.
- satins, stones, stains.
- Wordsworth.
- unrespected.
- moders.
- non-musical.
- analytic.
- Gclert (Llewelyn).
- lawcase.
- syllabus.
- snail.
- sandal, sundial.
- artisan.
- Music (Wordsworth).
- Peritas (Al xander), parts.
- ran her.
- timbre.
- return-trip.
- Lufra (Douglas, Scott's 'Lady of the Lake', Canto V).
- ser-napily.
- matricides.
- re-chitch.
- Alexander.
- granny.
- 44, feeders.
- dinner.
- 47, oth rs. throes.
- 48, duiler, daller.
- Argos (Ulysses), rages.
- Luath (Cuthullin in Ossian, Also Burns' 'The Two Dogs' —Luath and Caesar).

Prizewinners: 1st prize: Miss M. Cornwall (Edinburgh, 4); 2nd prize: O. R. Jones (Bradfield); 3rd prize: S. M. Barker (Sheffield)



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